

VOL V

TEN CENTS A COPY.

No 114

Dr. Donance.

THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE



April 16, 1884.

CONDUCTED
BY ALBION
W. TOURGÉE

LEADING FEATURES.

"Dorcas" (continued). By the author of "Arius the Libyan." (Illustrated.)

"The Rock of Ages." (Illustrated Poem).

"The Three Crowns." (Poem). By Orpheus C. Kerr.

A. W. Tourgée on the Political Outlook.

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

NEW YORK 23 · PARK ROW



SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS AND WRITING FLUID

OF THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE. Samples of Pens for trial, and Price List of Spencerian specialties on receipt of 2-cent stamp.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO.,
 753 and 755 Broadway, New York.

CONTENTS--April 16, 1884.

The Rock of Ages.	Reginald Young . . .	481	Migma.	Editorial	505
Illustration: The Mountain of the Holy Cross, Colorado. Drawn from a photograph by Benj. Lander.					
The Cockerill Case.	W. C. Blakeman . . .	482		The Presidential Problem—The Penalty of Power—Campaign Conditions—The Son of His Father—Department Lobbyists—The Political Scalping Knife.	
Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina.	Chaps. XIII, XIV, XV. By the Author of "Arius the Libyan."	489			
Illustrations, drawn by Will H. Low: The Twain Trod Through the Long Galleries Together—He Went Forward into the Treasury and Emptied His Purse—Will Thou Not Kiss Me, Dorcas?					
The Three Crowns.	Orpheus C. Kerr . . .	498	The Bookshelf.	510	
Studies in Supernaturalism.	Dorothy Fairfax . . .	499	Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture — Maria Edgeworth.		
			Notes	510	
			Books Received.	513	
			In Lighter Vein.	513	

FORTHCOMING NUMBERS OF THE CONTINENT.

"Nathan Ben Nathan, the Essenean," has cast the spell of a strange fascination over every one who has thus far followed the chapters of **Dorcas, the Daughter of Faustina**, and her patrician lover. The forthcoming instalments are fully as thrilling in interest as any that have gone before, and present with historical truth a phase of life whose details receive small attention from Christians of to-day.

The spread of **Illiteracy** is the danger that now threatens all that is best in American civilization, and **THE CONTINENT** will not cease to urge upon the people the vital importance of establishing political liberty upon the only sure basis.

A novel and attractive feature will shortly be introduced in the publication of a series of **Stories** by distinguished authors whose names will be published collectively—but whose special authorship in the series in question will not be revealed. Prizes will be offered for guesses at authorship, in connection with this scheme.

"Queen Louise, of Prussia," "The Arts of Decoration," with illustrations by W. Shirlaw and others; "Kate Greenaway" and "Randolph Caldecott" are some of the illustrated articles now in course of preparation.

Dr. McCook's "Tenants of an Old Farm," with its curious facts and fancies, will be continued. A quaint story of West Virginia, with eighteen illustrations by A. B. Frost, is now in course of preparation.

TO SUBSCRIBERS: The receipt of the first copy of **THE CONTINENT** will notify new subscribers that their subscriptions have been received. Renewing subscribers will be notified by a change in the number on the printed label that their renewals have been received. No other receipts are given for subscription money, unless specially requested in the letter containing the subscription. In ordering changes of address, the *old* address as well as the *new* one should be given.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Four Dollars a Year; Two Dollars Six Months. For Special Offers, Premiums, etc., see announcements in advertising pages from time to time.

TO CONTRIBUTORS: Authors sending contributions to **THE CONTINENT** will further their own interests by inclosing a stamp to insure notification in case the manuscript proves unavailable. A still better plan is to inclose enough stamps for its return by mail, or to request its return by express. Unavailable manuscripts, not accompanied by stamps, and without a request for their return by express, are kept for six months and then destroyed without further notice. All reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts reaching **THE CONTINENT**, but responsibility for them until after their formal acceptance is expressly declined. Manuscripts are subject to letter postage, and will not be taken from the post-office by us unless prepaid in full.

Address all communications to

THE CONTINENT,

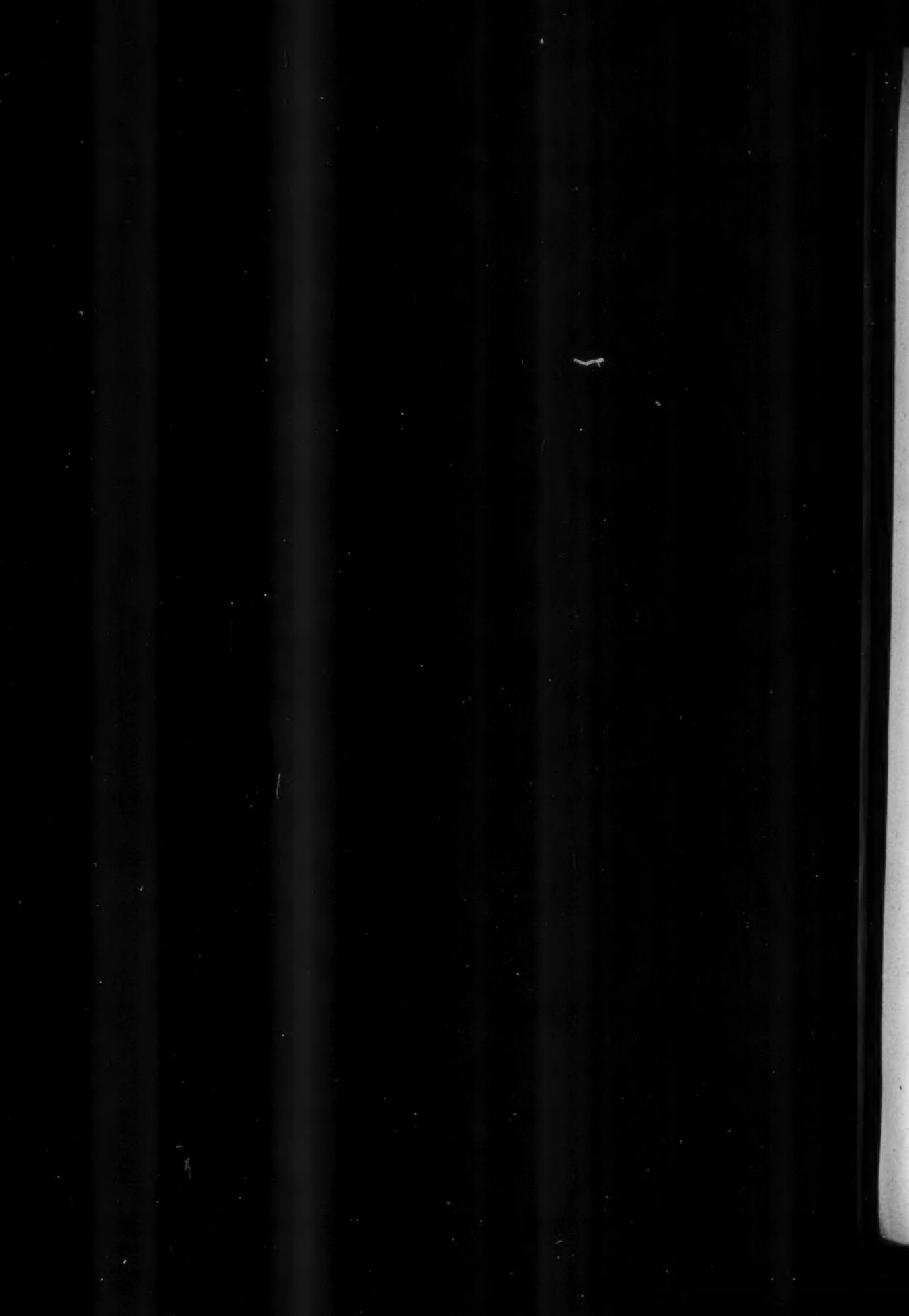
Entered at Post-Office as Second-class Matter.

2-8-114

23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

has
he
is-
on,
real
by
he
on
nd
in
A
hat
on
ey,
old
re-
er-
ter
ble
for
ch-
ou-

RK.



THE CONTINENT

Vol. V. No. 16.

Copyright, 1884, by Our Continent Publishing Company.

Whole No. 114.



THE ROCK OF AGES.*

A HERMIT, once I knelt in rayless cell,
And clasped the crucifix with reverent hand;
But now 'mid mountains capped with snow I stand
Before a cross around whose arms there swell
Breezes that never touched the brow of man.
Thou snow-filled scar within the mountain's side!
God's hand alone thy deep-cut lines could guide

And form a cross with mighty arms that span
The mount. Before God's crucifix I kneel.
Here I may pray unstifled by the air
Of narrow cell, nor need my untaught prayer
Be framed to words; and on my brow may feel
The freshness of the stream that flows from that deep scar,
A stream as pure as if its font all sculptured were.

REGINALD YOUNG.

* The Mountain of the Holy Cross, Colorado.—From a Photograph.

THE COCKERILL CASE.

BY W. C. BLAKEMAN.

NUMBERS 31 and 33 Macon street are brown stone couplets so exactly alike that only the door-plates serve to give them an architectural identity.

Number 31 is the pastoral residence of the popular rector, the Rev. Potiphar Potts.

Number 33 is the office of Dr. Cornelius, physician, church warden and bachelor.

At six in the evening of December the 20th, 1882, the door-bell of Dr. Cornelius's office was rung abruptly—no faint tintinnabulation like the timid distress of a chambermaid or country patient, but an imperative peal that made the coiled wire rattle and frightened the spiders on the wall. Dr. Cornelius answered the summons in person. The opened door disclosed at first only an inky blackness, then, as the fitful gas-jet leaped up, the beshotted darkness evolved a head.

"The carriage is waiting; you will step in at once, sir," came a voice from the region of the head.

"It's old Darby again, I suppose," muttered the doctor, as he threw on his overcoat and buttoned it tight to the chin; "he's seeing more blue-bottles."

The night was cold and sour, but Darby was old and rich; and young Dr. Cornelius no more thought of treating his whims with disrespect than of being disengaged to his consumptive uncles, although he well knew the hypochondriac only wanted a story.

The doctor, you will see, knew where the land was fat and loved it. Indeed, with a practice mostly prospective, and weekly rents expressed in two figures on his landlord's ledger, policy and necessity with the temporizing doctor were interchangeable terms. He had established himself in the city amid a great many promises and well-wishes from expected patients, and was calmly waiting for people to get sick. His chances were fair, for he could invent a disease, cure a cold, or tell a story. Besides, he was popular with the ladies, treating them all as he did his landlady's seven children; praising all but preferring none. Thus Dr. Cornelius lived on his prospects, and even dined on them when a call like the present one took him away at the hour of meals. With chattering teeth, and with nose scenting his vanishing stew, he seated himself in the coach. Two men entered after him.

"Why, it's not Darby, then," he thought.

"If you have no objections, sir, we will blindfold you," said one of the men; "our business is secret, and we can't afford to have you blab."

"But I have objections."

"You will waive them, then."

Almost with the words a thick bandage was thrown around his head and tightly knotted at the back. The act had been so cool and quick that he was taken completely by surprise. He understood that he was in the hands of robbers.

One of the gang had doubtless been wounded in a burglarious undertaking and required his professional services, selecting him in preference to others of the healing art because he was a new-comer in the city and unacquainted with rogues. He did not relish the adventure, and determined to escape by a ruse. "I must go back for my instruments," he said.

"Now, look a-here," growled the second man, who had not hitherto spoken, "if yer go on in a straightfor-

ward way with this here job, yer'll be paid well for it; but if yer squeal—why, jest feel o' this."

The doctor felt it. It was the cold muzzle of a revolver pressed against his temple.

"Now, will yer go?"

"I will go."

For the rest of the journey not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard save the dead clatter of the wheels and theplash of the rain on the window. When the carriage stopped, the men assisted the doctor to alight and conducted him through a narrow hallway. He knew this because their movements were cramped. At the end of the passage they entered a lighted room. He knew this because the darkness before him became yellow. "I wonder what I am to do without eyes," he reflected.

There was the noise of many feet on the bare floor, and among them he detected a light, girlish step and also the rustle of a dress. The step and rustle came to a pause directly in front of him.

"You will proceed with the ceremony," said a voice at his elbow.

"The ceremony?"

"Yes; you know what you're here for—to marry this couple as you agreed. Go right about it now, and no backing out."

A new light flashed upon the doctor's mind. The men had mistaken him for the Rev. Potiphar Potts!

But the situation was grave and called for strategy. The man with the weapon might not see the comic side of the mistake. Kidnappers are seldom humorous. He took from his pocket a small manual of medicine, and one of the men loosened the bandage so that his eyes could fall perpendicularly upon the page. Their sweep took in also a bewitchingly pretty foot and instead retreating behind soft folds of some cloudy substance, and flanked on either side by the hob-nailed kip boots of men. All this he observed while pretending to read the service in the sonorous and solemn tones of the Rev. Potiphar Potts, a retentive memory and facility of invention serving to promote the disguise. The answers to the marital questions were responded to by the man in gruff, coppery tones that, for all the display of feeling, might have been fired out of the tubes of the revolver; but those of the woman—Heaven help to describe them!—the softness of low-chorded harps, the sweetness of the dulciana, and the reverberatory mellowness of bell-chimes, all these potentiated by the magnetism of a woman's voice, went into the thrilling affirmatives that bewildered the clerical doctor.

He fell in love with her at once.

Yes, ye apostles of the quantitative-analysis method of the easy art, this prosaic and skeptical doctor, who pleased all women and believed in none, *fell in love*. He knew it, because he knew nothing else until he found himself at his own door, and the man with the basso-profundo voice pressing a fee in his hand. There had been, no doubt, a struggle and wheels, for he found a drop of blood on his book, and he had a notion that he had been pushed roughly into the carriage. But all the details of his journey melted in the presence of a mental vision. It was of a hand with exquisitely tapering white fingers—it must be a divine hand to

match that foot—of a Raphaelite face framed in auburn curls, and of eyes like deep blue springs in rare old forests. It made no difference that he had not seen her; he had seen a modicum; he had caught a note, and his fancy supplied the rest.

And he would see her; he must see her. He would haunt theatres, watch windows, ride in street-cars. Then with leaden despair he recalled the fact that, although he might see her a thousand times, he could not recognize her. But now here was his fee. He glanced carelessly at it, expecting to behold a crisp bill. There was a bill, but it was wrapped in a piece of scented white paper, on which there was writing in the small, round hand of a lady. Ye gods! could it be that—that! His hand trembled, and he forgot that he had been wearing glasses four years. But what does love need of spectacles? If he had been blind he would have read that she—she wanted him to come to-morrow, at twelve, to No. 111 — Street. To-morrow at twelve! Why, he had an engagement with the Rev. Potiphar Potts at that hour. Never mind. Matters schismatic or rheumatic, they must wait, to save her from a dreadful impending fate. He passed his hand across his head. He threw the money on the floor. He walked the room; then he looked at his watch. Fourteen mortal hours! Dr. Cornelius ate, slept, waked, visited, drove, talked. Between each of these acts he put his ear to his watch to ascertain whether the hands moved, and compared these dilatory pieces of mechanism with those of his friends. When the church clocks were striking twelve, fourteen hours later, he was on Crosby Street, and walking rapidly toward 111.

Three blocks—two blocks—one block—the very place. What! No! Impossible! No. 111, if it could find any license to exist, would have its bricky being in the midst of a stately park. He had been duped.

At the same moment that Dr. Cornelius, of No. 33 Macon Street, was staring at the houseless plots in Washington Square, the Rev. Potiphar Potts, of No. 31, was hard at work upon his sermon.

But, like all popular men, the Rev. Potiphar Potts had an enemy within his own door—or, rather, its body was within, while its little round, bald head was thrust out in a way that tempted the rector's numerous friends to punch it.

This they did twenty times a day, and every time the loveless imp squealed, and its brazen tail, coiled in a corner of the ceiling over the clergyman's head, wagged so furiously that the pen went astray.

Ting—a-ling—ding!

"I wonder what's the matter now," he said, glancing wearily at the disturbed metal. "Another club, or a new book, or a parish poor case?"

Presently he heard a strange female step on the stairs, and a light tap at his door. When he opened it, a well-dressed and thickly-veiled young lady stood before him.

"The Rev. Dr. Potts, I believe?"

The clergyman bowed, and was mentally constructing a polite refusal to the expected solicitation for a subscription, when his visitor broke forth plaintively:

"Oh, sir, if you would help me!"

The Rev. Potiphar Potts was a very circumspect man. "What can I do for you?" he inquired, curtly.

"Oh, sir, you can save me! You can save me from a man who calls himself my husband!"

The clergyman moved uneasily toward the door.

"Do not suspect me, sir, but listen. I am not, in-

deed, sir, what you think. I don't know who I am. Don't look at me in that strange way. I am a poor girl without friends. My parents are dead, I suppose. I don't know. I've lived all my life with Meg Craven—old Meg, they call her—and with her son. They've been rather good to me on the whole; but, you see, sir, I'm—I'm not a little girl any longer.

Even through the thick veil the clergyman imagined he saw a deep blush overspread her face. It allayed his suspicions somewhat, but he still answered coldly:

"Well!"

"And he—a—wants to marry me. He says he has married me; but it was by force. I didn't consent; I never consented. And I want to get away. I can't live there any longer. That man says he knows something about me he won't tell—says I'm the child of good folks, and somebody stole me when I was little, but he'll never tell. Oh, sir, if you would come with me, perhaps you might make him tell."

Her request again aroused his doubts.

"Why do you come to me?" he said. "This is a matter for the police."

"Oh, sir, I thought I might trust you; you were so—so gentle and quivering like when you married me."

"I—married—you!"

"Yes; last night, you know."

Was she crazy? Yet her story might be true, except that part relating to himself. Some other clergymen might have performed the ceremony which she attributed to him. There were such things as abductions and forced marriages.

"Your account of yourself is an exceedingly strange one," he began at last, "and at my first opportunity I will investigate it, and—"

"Not to-day—not now?"

"You could hardly expect me—"

"Oh, then, where shall I go? If I go back they will suspect me and kill me—or worse!"

Her voice, which all along he had noticed as an exceedingly sweet one, broke into a wail, her frame shook, and although he could not see her face he knew that a shower was falling behind the blue cloud.

He was deeply moved.

"Let us go down," he said. "I will ring Dr. Cornelius's bell, and if he is in we will go with you."

But Dr. Cornelius, as we know, was not in. The rector turned disappointedly from the servant's negative, and hesitated. His would-be *protégé* stood below him on the sidewalk, one foot daintily resting upon the step above. It was a pretty foot. Even in his embarrassment he noticed that. The sinuous curve wound archly beneath a file of red-edged buttons, every one of which seemed to the large-hearted rector like a tongue of appeal. He was drawn mechanically to accompany her, his judgment all the time protesting.

At the corner of Third Street they entered a car, his uneasiness increasing as they proceeded toward a part of the city with which he was unacquainted.

"You did not tell me your name, I believe," he said, hoping to get a reply that would buoy up his sinking faith.

But no reply came. He turned in surprise toward her just in time to see her head fall backward.

She had fainted.

Signaling the car to stop he besought the aid of two or three rough-looking men standing on the rear platform, and with their assistance bore his mysterious charge into a neighboring restaurant. Then he hurried out after a carriage. When he returned, to his unbounded amazement she had disappeared. The restaurant-

keeper's wife said she had recovered immediately, and had left without a word.

The rector stood for a moment undecided, and then observing the driver waiting outside, put his hand in his pocket to pay the man for his trouble. The pocket-book was gone. He had been robbed!

The adventures of the doctor and the rector being reported to the police, were duly chronicled, commented upon, and consigned to oblivion by that astute body. The average policeman, however, buttons up an immense capacity for romance under his blue surtout, and while the sergeant at the desk—a man with a hard, red head which never went undignifiedly behind facts, dismissed both affairs as "fraudulent marriage" and "petty pickpocketing," two detectives in the corner of the room played at mystery in inventing theories to account for the strange incidents.

"The girl's story of having been stolen reminds me of the Cockerill case," said Detective Crafts.

This was not remarkable, since every criminal event for the past ten years had stirred up like associations in Police Station Number 10.

In fact, the Cockerill case threatened to become among the red-tapists of that office what the suit of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce was in the Court of Chancery. It daily rose from the dead blotters on the sergeant's desk to disturb the official peace of mind, a circumstance which is explained on the ground that it was connected with a reward of five thousand dollars which had never been claimed.

Briefly, what was the Cockerill case? Colonel Cockerill, for whom it was named on the register, had been quite broken down by the case. His house, on one of the handsomest squares of the city, resembled in gloomy grandeur a marble tomb in which he held converse with the specters of departed hopes; denied himself to all visitors except the doctor and the clergyman, and became an old man at fifty.

He had been a gay fellow in his day; had dissipated a considerable fortune, and the war breaking out afforded him a convenient retreat from certain debts that were beginning to have an ugly look. One day, while lying in camp, he was killing time and gnats with an old file of the *New York Bee*, when an advertisement caught his eye. It read thus:

"If the heirs of Peter Tuomley, who in 1820 emigrated from New York to Illinois, will call at the office of Lyon & Co., No. 8 — Street, they will hear of something to their advantage."

Now Charles Cockerill was in possession of some very lively facts. He knew that Peter Tuomley had been a war contractor, and at the time of his death was making money rapidly. He knew that the children of Peter Tuomley were all dead, and that Gretchen Heath, who was pretty, saucy, twenty, and a servant in the family of an old New York dockbuilder, was the only lineal descendant. He knew further that the old dockbuilder never permitted a *Bee* of this political stripe to buzz in his house. In all likelihood she would never chance across her begging fortune. But Gretchen, like all girls who are pretty, saucy and twenty, had a lover. Tom Pownal, the sturdy hostler at Brent's stables, had imprinted on her ruddy cheek a kiss, and extracted from her a promise of marriage.

Charles Cockerill's plans were formed with soldier-like celerity. He obtained leave of absence, gave the knight of the bridle three hundred dollars to enlist, and straightway began to court the astonished Gretchen.

Gretchen loved Tom; but the colonel's social position, brass buttons and exploits of war proved irresistible, and in four weeks they were married, to the great scandal of the ancient and select family of Cockerill. A regard for decency restrained Charles from prematurely digging up his wife's silver spoon, but he resigned his commission and went West, ostensibly on business. The business proved so successful that in less than a year he was enabled to put in the hand of the happy Gretchen the documentary evidence of her fortune, almost at the same moment that the nurse placed in her arms a chubby baby in the very image of Charles.

As for Tom, he came home from the war vowing revenge. At first he thought of challenging his triumphant rival to mortal combat, but the colonel was a dead shot; then of firing his house, but that punishment was not equivalent to his wrong. So he nursed the smart, and contrived a more novel and lasting poultice for it.

One day in a steamboat disaster Gretchen was killed, but the baby was saved and the fortune remained intact, the two things of uppermost importance in the mind of Charles. He locked the jewels with which he had garnished his bride in an ebony cabinet, intending to give them to Lilly when that witching little dumpling should be large enough to appropriate them.

Meanwhile, in daily sight of his enemy's spacious mansion, which might have been his, Tom's revenge grew. So also did the baby. Tom often leaned over the garden fence on his way to work and gave her an apple, a cake, or a lozenge, and soon grew to be a great favorite with the peachy-cheeked little romp. The colonel was kind to Tom, often employed him, and never supposed the man meant him harm.

One evening, at about dusk, a close carriage halted before the gate where Lilly was playing, and a man, jumping out, seized her, and bore her into the vehicle. Her father was at the moment in his library, and looking out in response to his daughter's cry, beheld a sight which for the moment transfixed him with horror.

The little girl was attempting to leap from the carriage, and in so doing her head struck full against the wheel. He rushed madly out, but when he reached the gate the child and her abductors were far in the darkness, and a voice was flung mockingly back:

"It is Tom Pownal's turn now!"

All search proved futile, although for ten years the colonel did not give it up. It was thought that the offer of a large reward would bring the kidnapper to terms, but Tom Pownal's thirst for revenge was too deeply in-fixed. At length the stricken father abandoned hope, gave his child up for dead, and became an incurable ascetic.

It is not too much, perhaps, to say that the detective persisted the longest in searching for the scent; and two or three had not even yet given it up.

Among these was Detective Crafts—a small, meek-eyed man, but possessed with hound-like talents for starting game. Every day in passing he paused at the fatal gate, surveyed the gloomy house, and fingered in spirit the five thousand dollars which he felt sure awaited him in the colonel's exchequer.

It happened one morning—the next after the clergyman's adventure—that while he was imbibing this daily inspiration the gate opened and a young woman glided in, and rang the colonel's door-bell.

"Tall, slim, muffed, and veiled," observed the detective, noting the points of resemblance between the early caller and the mysterious woman described by

the clergyman. "I just wish I had an eye and ear at that bay window now."

He was mistaken as to the eye, several jars of roses before the glass effectually hiding the view; but a quick ear in the nest of jacqueminots might have caught the low tone of the colonel, who, contrary to his custom, showed himself to his visitor.

"You desire the position of a servant?" he was saying. "Your dress and manners indicate that you are accustomed to move in a higher sphere."

"Oh, sir, if you would employ me!" She deigned no explanation of her conduct, but resorted to the woman's argument—a little sob. In using her handkerchief she was obliged to raise her veil, and the colonel saw that her face was uncommonly handsome. The delicate Roman nose, the white dimpled chin, and the soft baby-face were as perfect as could be.

"You must tell me the nature of the reasons that lead you to make so extraordinary a request," he said. His grief had made him iron.

"Oh, sir, if you would employ me!"

Her voice choked, her sobs came quicker, and between them she looked appealingly at the colonel.

The iron melted. One hand ran up through his thin, pepper-colored hair, the other toyed nervously with his gold watch-chain. He loved pain in others. For ten years he had deemed it an insult to his sorrow for any one to rejoice in his presence, and once when the Rev. Potiphar Potts had grown enthusiastic over a Geneva Bible in the colonel's library he had met with a stern rebuke. But the old man—for his fifty years sat on him like seventy—grew almost cheerful in the contemplation of the young lady's tears. It seemed as if another were sharing his load.

"You are very persistent," he said, the faintest *ignis-fatua* smile playing around his gray mustache.

"Oh, sir, I love this house."

The colonel's brow darkened.

"Please explain yourself," he said.

"I can't explain. It's a strange thing, sir, and I don't understand it; but I never passed this house without longing to live here. There's a home-feeling about this place I can't get rid of, and I want to stay here if it's only to work as a servant."

"It's a wretched old hermitage to me," replied the colonel.

But he made no further allusion to his trouble, and after a little further conversation engaged the applicant at her own terms. He did not particularly need another servant, but he had taken a liking to his strange visitor, and was in a pecuniary position to gratify his whims. This liking increased when Joan, as she called herself, became acquainted with the colonel's ways and accommodated herself to them. It was not long before he could eat no egg whose cooking she had not nicely timed, nor drink any tea which had not been coyly sweetened by her hand; and as for the blushing hebes and jacqueminots in his bedroom, he would make them weapons for stray cats under the window when her deft fingers had not cut and arranged them.

This partiality naturally excited the jealousy of the other servants, who complained through bald John, their chief, to the housekeeper, Mrs. Tom, and through Mrs. Tom to their employer. The colonel at the moment was putting on his heavy boots for a snowy tramp through his orchard—the only place of exercise that comported with the dignity of his affliction, since the field contained the family burial lot, and he kicked one cowhide wickedly through a panel painting representing in undue proportions Moses and the Red Sea.

"Zounds!" he roared—this was not exactly the word—"is a man to be dictated to by his help? I'll dismiss them all—all. I'll discharge every one to-day."

"But, sir, you don't know," persisted Mrs. Tom, backing toward the door, frightened lest the colonel's explosive numeral should include herself—"you don't know how that young thing does go on."

"Go on?"

"Yes, sir; what with her singing and her praying, there's no living with her. First it was Black Susan that was struck, and dropped and broke a trayful of dishes—"

"Struck?"

"Yes, sir—with religion, I mean, under that young thing's praying. She prays two hours every night in her room, and her prayers are so awful shivering-like they make a body creep all over. Then old Ann, she forgot herself and gave the Sunday turkey to a prowling beggar; she was so shaken up and melted down with that young thing a-singing, 'Go Feed My Lambs.' And now bald John, he's a-took. And so between 'em everything is going a-muck, and all because o' that young thing."

"Idiots! dolts! blockheads!" growled the colonel, stamping out into his orchard, leaving the servants to divide and apply these epithets as they thought fit.

That night a tall, lank figure, clad in night-robés, glided into the icy hall and stood in ghostly attention while a riband of song floated down from Joan's room and fell on the ear. Lower and lower bowed the figure, its head on its hands, its hands on its knees, its knees on the floor. The colonel wept.

"If she had lived," he moaned—"if she had lived that would have been her voice. Oh God, it seems as if it were she!"

"Where did you learn to sing?" he inquired the next day when Joan, watering the plants in his library, accidentally let fall a drop on the "History of the Civil War," which he was reading.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir," she said, starting and blushing. "Where did I learn? It seems to me I never learned. The songs come to me. I must have learned, though, somewhere, I suppose. But I can't sing when I would; it's only at odd spells the songs come to me."

"Strange!"

"Yes, sir; it seems as if I had been living another life a long time ago, and these few snatches of song float in from that life. It's foolish, I suppose, but I can't help feeling so."

The colonel was about to inquire into her history, but at that moment the argus-eyed housekeeper found a pretext for calling her from the room.

"If you please, sir," began that worthy when Joan was out of hearing, "the malt's brewing again."

"The what?"

"It's that young person, sir; it's a new racket she's at now. You won't believe me, sir—I know you won't—but nobody ever before disputed me, sir, and I've lived with them as are lords and leddies, sir."

"Believe what?"

"That the young person's a thief; but it's myself, sir, that caught her with the diamond brooch that belonged to your leddie, and it's old Ann that saw her with the earrings."

The colonel looked his amazement, and hurried with pale face to the ebony cabinet. He took out the jewel-case. The brooch and earrings were missing!

"It's a confounded trick they've put up to set me against her!" he exclaimed.

He left the cabinet unlocked, instructed Mrs. Tom to

report if the new servant was seen with any more stolen jewelry, and that night set himself to watch.

He never for a moment suspected Joan, but he was determined to make an example of the person whose jealousy prompted the theft.

The door of his room was left ajar; and the moon shone full upon the polished ebony so that he could see if the lid should be raised.

About midnight his trained ear caught the creak of a soft step on the stair. In a moment there was a vanishing gleam from the old cabinet. The lid was raised. A head with a mass of hair falling to the waist was framed in the moonlight. There was a sharp click as if a box were being opened.

The colonel stole noiselessly to the door. Before him stood a young woman, her head bent in the attitude of rapt observation. Another step and he saw what it was she was admiring. One plump arm, bare and white as marble, was stretched out in the soft flood of light that came in at the window, and on the wrist had been slipped a bracelet of his dead wife. The face of the fair thief had a slight flush of pleasure as she feasted her eyes on the gaudy ornament that set off to advantage the gleaming arm above and the shapely hand below. But in an instant the palpitating flesh felt a touch colder than that of the jewel. She uttered a low cry of terror and looked around.

"Joan!"

Meanwhile Dr. Cornelius was nursing his patience and patients. He had long been called among the ladies a love of a doctor, but now he was a doctor in love. He had been a Hymeneal skeptic, but his conversion was instantaneous. He knew nothing indeed of his idol except her voice, but his imagination supplied the deficiency.

She was Hebe, she was Psyche, she was Venus. The impossibility of verifying these exalted notions only made him the more desperate. He questioned policemen, he importuned hack-drivers, he besought his friend, the Rev. Potiphar Potts, to tell him for the twentieth time the story of his adventure. The fact that the rector had actually seen and conversed with her made him jealous. The good man had stolen the blissful interview from him, but he had stolen a marriage fee from the rector, so they were quits; but each preferred the lot of the other. That he had discovered her under strange and suspicious circumstances; that No. 111 was no invention, and that the clergyman believed her a confederate of the men who had robbed him availed nothing with the doctor. He was in love, and love has its own rosy logic. She was the victim of desperadoes, and the mission of his life was to rescue her. This was his chief thought whether he was compounding pills or confounding patients—for his questions were sometimes queer. For example, he asked Mother Grouse if she was in love, meaning in pain, and disturbed the equanimity of old Deacon Peaselee and his wife by inquiring if they were legally married. His fictitious ceremony was troubling him. But the time came when the doctor's faith was tested. One day, out of a pile of letters brought in the mail, he singled out one on which the address was written in a small, round feminine hand. His heart jumped, for the chirography was the same as that on the mysterious note which he had received on the night of his adventure. Light at last! He tore open the envelope, and with his eyes fairly devoured its contents. His services were required at Colonel Cockerill's; that was all. To make sure that the writer was no other than his unknown dulcinea

he compared the two notes. Yes; they were alike. There were the same artful catches at the end of the words, the same ogling darts shooting off from the 't's, the same blessed little tails on the 'q's. But what was she doing at the colonel's? He remembered hearing Detective Crafts allude to a remarkable servant there. But his goddess a servant! Imagine Diana wielding a broom instead of a bow! Nevertheless, he made haste to obey the summons, and fifteen minutes after receiving the note he was ascending the steps of the colonel's house. He was filled with unutterable emotions. In a moment he should stand in the presence of the paragon of beauty, the angel of perfection, the fairy with the siren voice. His heart melted like water, and came up in his throat. It was in his fingers when he rang the bell, and in his boots when he brushed the snow from them. He was all heart. He would have owned to the name of Heart. There was a step in the hall, the turning of a knob, the creaking of a door. It was opening—one inch—six—twelve, and then the space was filled with a head; a head, I say; there might have been a body beneath it, but the doctor was too much confused to notice. Instead of the Juno-like features his fancy had photographed, there appeared a bald pate, a grizzled face, and a stumpy beard.

"What do you want?" demanded the head.

"I am Dr. Cornelius," replied the heart.

The head moved back to make room, and then the doctor perceived that it was supplemented by a wiry body and crooked legs encased in clothing not made for them. He was conducted to the room of the colonel, who, propped by pillows, was lying in bed.

"I have caught a bad cold, I believe," he said, as the doctor entered.

"I am glad of it—that is, I mean I am very sorry," stammered the doctor.

The colonel looked at him sharply.

"Have you, too, lost your wits?" he growled.

The question was insulting, but the adverb was suggestive.

It must refer to her.

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Who?"

The doctor bit his lips reflectively, but bethought himself in a moment.

"The young woman who wrote that note."

Another might have found matter for humor in this earnest query, coming, as it did, between the pill and the patient, but in the colonel the ludicrous had turned into the acrimonious, like old cream into sour milk.

"Young man," he said, taking hold of the doctor's arm and pinching it until he winced, "you're young—headstrong—silly. Take my advice, go slow, keep cool, mind your business, and don't inquire about servant-girls. It's not dignified and will ruin you."

"As much feeling for a man as an icicle, you old bitersmart," thought the doctor, sitting down to write a prescription. A slight clinking sound caused him to start suddenly and look around. There she was seated by the window—nymph—sylph—Peri—toying with his medicine-case. The clear, creamy outline of her face indented against the gray light, the pouting, kiss-me-if-you-dare lips, and the eyes soft and tremulous as fresh-cut wells, fully justified the visions which had given him such delightful torment.

Both rose, crimsoning at each other like opposite horizons at sunset. The sylph was the first to speak.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, modestly, "but my orders were to come in when the doctor arrived and hear his directions."

"My directions—ah, yes. I live at No. 33 Macon street. You will always find me in."

"I mean your charge, sir."

"Charge—nothing. Only too glad to be of service."

"Excuse me, sir; you do not understand. I am to execute your wishes."

"Exactly?"

"Exactly, sir."

"You promise that?"

"I promise."

"My wishes, then, are to marry you."

She stood speechless, the red tide covering cheeks, neck, brow.

"Evidently she is not displeased with me for that mad speech," thought the doctor. "The opportunity was too good to be lost."

All this time the colonel lay intently regarding them, a sly humor—the first in ten years—playing about the corners of his mouth. But the doctor, awaking to the ridiculousness of the situation, hastened to apologize for his rudeness, and, walking to the window, commenced in a rueful tone to give directions about the medicine. He was very nervous, however. How could he help it when his first love was playing at *rouge et noir* on his face, causing his fingers to bungle with the powders, and tripping his tongue so that he mingled compliments and condiments in a most extraordinary way? And when he told her that blue pills were dangerous (though he meant eyes), that they were nauseous to the taste (pills, not eyes), and that two had been fatal to him (eyes, not pills), she looked as if she did not quite know what to make of this doctor, who was profuse in bows and talked in doubles. But his glimpse of elysium did not last long. Little, prying, cruel Mrs. Tom, a species of housekeeping widow who had sharp eyes for Cupids and spiders, soon found a pretext for ordering the presumptuous domestic into the kitchen, from which she was not suffered to emerge until the doctor's sleigh-bells were merry on the road.

But the doctor was happy. He had discovered his destiny and proposed to it, and whether the breezes of gossip blew hot or cold, he meant to marry this daughter of the Graces whose name he had forgotten to learn. His happiness lasted exactly sixteen hours. Then he made a dreadful discovery.

The blue vial was missing!

It was not in his case.

While he was considering what the explanation might be, the door-bell was rung furiously, and his servant hastened to inform him that his services were required immediately at Colonel Cockerill's. *The colonel had been poisoned and his house robbed.*

The doctor quickly packed his medicines, seized his hat and hurried out. In the street he encountered Detective Crafts on his way to the same destination.

"It's a part of the old case," began the officer; "I suspect the same parties that stole the colonel's child have now stolen his money, and perhaps killed him into the bargain. And I know who it is."

The detective slapped his hand on his trousers pocket as if he already heard the jingling of the cash reward.

"You know?"

"Yes, that girl that's working there—the one with the slim waist and molasses-candy hair. I shall arrest her at once."

If the doctor had followed his impulse he would have knocked the officer down on the spot. As it was his voice choked with anger as he replied:

"It's a lie! And don't you lay a finger on her."

"Why—why—"

"Because I am her protector, and I will not have it. She do it! I'd as soon believe it of—well, the Gracchi."

"And who's Gracchi?" inquired Crafts, with true detective instinct subordinating his resentment to the hope of a clue.

"Never mind, now. Here we are at the house."

When within, the detective found evidences to confirm his theory.

The ebony cabinet had been broken open, and all the jewelry stolen, but some money which it contained remained untouched.

"That's a woman," averred the interpreter of straws.

In one corner of the desk was a bundle of what appeared like love-letters, tied with blue ribbon—relics no doubt of some amour of the colonel's before he fell in love with the fortune of Gretchen—and these were stained with candle-grease, as if the robber had been examining them.

"That's a woman *sure*; a man wouldn't waste his precious time over such trash."

But a more conclusive proof lay at hand. A yellow thread-like substance, delicate almost as the web of a spider, shimmered on the blue cloth with which the cabinet was inlaid.

"A woman's hair—ah! and hers!"

A pale light leaped into his cold gray eyes, and he stroked the hair for joy.

"Now, if she's a pal of the kidnappers, and I can make her confess—why, Crafts, your cake is baked."

He carefully wrapped his prize in a piece of paper, and went into the next room where the doctor was working over the insensible form of the colonel.

Meanwhile, in the kitchen below the greatest consternation prevailed. The servants were huddled in a frightened group around the fire. Bald John, under a cross-examination by Mrs. Tom, was recounting for the twentieth time his discovery of the robbery. Old Ann, half praying, half swearing, was interrupting with expletives black Susan's story of a direful dream. Joan alone sat silent, her face buried in her hands. Suddenly ominous steps were heard on the stairs, and every one quaked with fear as the doctor and detective entered the room, both looking very grave. It was evident that their heads had been together, and the theoretical concussion had produced a spark. When the detective had pointed out the untouched money, the yellow letters, and the tell-tale hair, and the doctor had adduced the evidence of the missing vial, the conclusion was swift, positive and painful.

The mysterious servant—the doctor's fair enchantress—was the felon. She had entangled him in a confusing *tête-à-tête* over the medicine case, and in order to carry out her purpose had succeeded in getting from him first a knowledge of the drug and then the drug itself. He had communicated this information to the detective, and the countenances of both were indicative of the serious nature of their suspicions, the truth of which they had determined to verify by a novel artifice. The doctor took the initiative.

"The crime which has been committed," he said, as the servants, except Joan, had risen and stood in a shivering semicircle around him, "is evidently the work of some one in the house. It is—you will excuse me for being very plain, as the nature of the case demands—it is the work of some one in this room."

He looked at the culprit, whose head, bowed in her hands, betokened her misery and guilt.

The doctor took from his case a vial similar to the one he had lost, and holding it up to the light, continued in a voice that fell a whole octave as the burden of his speech grew heavier: "The guilty one cannot escape. We have decided upon a device by which the—I may as well say it at once—the murderer will be infallibly discovered and punished."

The wretched girl sprang wildly to her feet, her face aghast with horror. "You do not tell me—" she burst forth, but the doctor waived his hand coldly, his ice seeming the harder for his thaw of yesterday. The pole itself could not be more frigid than this slim, duped doctor with his straight line of mouth and his look of injured dignity. He had been outrageously deceived. His seraph was base clay. He had no doubt that she was wicked throughout; that No. 111 was a trap which he had escaped through an error of the pen; that he deliberately abetted the robbery of the rector. He was even disposed to adopt the view of the detective, that she was in league with the kidnappers of the colonel's child. His supreme faith had turned to rankest unfaith, and there was left to him only the poor solace of unmasking the pretty beguiler. This he would do unmercifully.

He continued to rattle the pellets, while he turned to give a subdued order to Mrs. Tom, who quickly produced from the closet a decanter and several glasses. At a signal from the doctor, the detective filled five of the glasses to the brim with sparkling wine, the servants observing these movements with terror and awe. Then the doctor advanced to the table and solemnly dropped two pellets into each glass.

You will be required," he said, looking around upon the half petrified group, "each of you to drink one of these. The innocent have nothing to fear, and may God have mercy on the guilty!"

He handed the first glass to Mrs. Tom, who, with many averments of temperance principles, drank it with signs of relish.

Then came bald John, whose face was the very incarnation of honest solemnity.

Old Ann and black Susan followed, both protesting their innocence with much rattling of teeth against the glass.

The doctor had purposely reserved the suspected one until the last. Now he turned to her, and with four-fold severity of aspect and voice commanded her to drink.

She did not move.

"Drink."

No reply, except the mute protest from two little springs of tears that broke out between the fingers covering her face. The sight caused the doctor to tremble about the knees and to twitch about the mouth. It looked as if she was going to score another victory over him.

"Drink, I say," he thundered.

"I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because—because it's poisoned."

"Dissembler, out of your own mouth will I convict you. How do you know it's poisoned? You have criminized yourself, and had better confess all."

"I confess."

The doctor looked at the detective, and the detective looked at the doctor. Their little counterplot was a complete success, and the features of both men relaxed into a grim smile. The doctor was pleased

with his shrewdness, and the detective was chuckling over his anticipated reward.

When the doctor was through with the culprit, the officer intended to sound her for kidnappers, for according to the experience of Mr. Crafts, one bird in the hand meant many birds in the bush.

Suddenly, while the two men were rejoicing in having run their game to earth, a loud step was heard on the stairs, and the next moment the colonel's somber visage glared at the motley group, exciting among the servants, who had not understood the doctor's stratagem, the greatest commotion—they believing him to be a veritable Cockerill *redivivus*, albeit the heavy boots were hardly according to the supposed fashions of ghostdom.

"What's all this?" he growled.

"The thief, colonel," replied the doctor, indicating with his hand the accused.

"Idiots! clowns! blackguards!"

"Sir?"

"A fine set of you," sneered the colonel, "to let a merry girl make sport of you all."

"Merry! sport!" screamed the doctor. "Do you call it sport, sir, to drug a man with morphine? It might have been fatal."

"Nonsense; I was troubled with insomnia last night and fixed the dose myself."

"But didn't she steal the blue vial out of my case?"

"Of course not. You took it yourself when you were coining that stuff about sapphire eyes, and slipped it in your overcoat pocket."

"But, sir, she confesses to taking the jewels."

"Why not? As my daughter they belong to her, I believe."

"Your daughter!"

"Certainly, I caught her at the cabinet a couple of nights ago, learned her history, found Tom Pownal, who abducted her when she was a child, and forced him to tell the whole story. When she was kidnapped she fell on the carriage wheel, and since then has been subjected to convulsions. The accident affected her head and caused her to be possessed with *duomania* (that's a new word I've invented, as there's no term in medicine that covers her case). She thinks she has two souls, one driving out the other at odd spells. Some days her mind goes back to old times. Then she's Lilly Cockerill and importunes people to help her home. Then again she forgets all about the past. This *duomania* or double soul accounts for her strange conduct, which has puzzled many people. Hang it, if I know now whether she's Lilly or Joan, the spells come on so suddenly, and when she's one of course she isn't the other. That villain Tom wanted to marry her, but blundered on the doctor instead of the rector. I engaged her as a servant, and when she was established here she took to things by natural affinity, and seemed to know the jewels belonged to her. It's a singular case, and I mean to put her under your care. Mind, now, and don't flirt any more over the pill-bottles."

"Never."

And he never did—the Rev. Potiphar Potts with a black book effectually putting a stop to that species of medical temptation.

It may be added that the doctor's treatment was so successful that Mrs. Cornelius was never divided; also that the famous Cockerill case was closed on the police records, one doubt alone lingering in the minds of those interested in it—which soul did the doctor marry?

DORCAS, THE DAUGHTER OF FAUSTINA.

BY NATHAN BEN NATHAN, AN ESSENEAN,
(AUTHOR OF "ARIUS THE LIBYAN.")



"THEY TWAIN TROD THROUGH THE LONG GALLERIES TOGETHER."

CHAPTER XIII.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND ORACLES THAT PROPHECY.

In the meantime, Maxentius, the Emperor of Rome, having heard vague rumors of the purpose of Constantine, who was then in Gaul, to reclaim the empire by force of arms, determined to make every possible effort to wage a successful war, and to add

Gaul and Germany to his own dominions rather than to surrender the sovereignty of Italy, and limit his imperial claims to Spain and western Africa.¹ He was a thorough pagan in every thought, purpose and desire of his soul, and was consequently the dupe of the priests who administered the religion of Rome. First of all, being terribly afraid to engage in war with Constantine, and desiring to fortify his courage by such

confidence as superstition could generate in the heart of a heathen emperor, he secretly consulted the haruspices, auguries and oracles, and having construed all of their divinations to be favorable to himself and his purpose, with good hopes he entered upon the work of preparation for the impending war with Constantine. But not only did he desire to be assured in his own mind that the gods were propitious unto him, he desired, also, to impress upon the whole Roman people the conviction that the immortals had solemnly pledged all heaven to give him the victory in the approaching contest. For this purpose he caused proclamation to be made throughout the city that upon a day appointed the Emperor would go in solemn state to the Temple of the Jupiter of the Capitol to consult the Pontifex Maximus, and have him publicly announce the divine will in regard to the issue of the war which seemed to all of them to be inevitable. It happened that the day named by Maxentius was the Wednesday after that Sabbath upon which Marcellus had discovered the retreat in which the maiden, Dorcas, abode, and had conversed with her and Epaphras, as hath been already narrated. The young man was dimly self-conscious that the idolatry of Rome was losing its life-long hold upon his intellect and conscience, but the process of disenchantment was so gradual and indefinite that he had no clear perception of it; and so when the Emperor and the great men of Rome, proconsuls, consuls, prefects, senators, aediles, all persons of patrician rank, all officers of the legions stationed in and near the city, "and all Romans who were well-disposed toward the most holy Emperor Maxentius" were solemnly warned to observe the day, and to participate in the sacred ceremonies by which the Emperor sought to learn the will of the gods concerning him, the young centurion, like the other young men of his own rank, joined the solemn procession that wended its way up to the Capitoline Hill, upon which stood the vast temple dedicated to the Jupiter of the Capitol.

It was a grand, impressive, and beautiful pageant. The Emperor went first on horseback, accompanied by his favorites of the palace, all clad in magnificent and variegated costumes appropriate to their different official stations about the person of the Emperor. Then followed proconsuls, consuls, aediles, and prefects on foot—a throng of splendid men distinguished by mighty deeds done for Imperial Rome in every quarter of the then known world. Then came the august senators in solemn black, the severe and classic lines of the senatorial toga agreeing well with their most grave and reverent demeanor. Then followed in dense array, and in all the panoply of war, the officials and men of the legions, bearing standards which in other days they had advanced to victory in the fierce storm of battle in almost every province of the empire. After these came a mighty procession of wealthy and influential citizens, representing every grade and occupation known in the most populous and busy city in the world; and the long procession ended with a vast and indistinguishable crowd of plebeians, all of whom, high and low, bore gifts unto the temple, each according to rank and station, to propitiate the gods.

Long before the hour of noon the hill was covered by the restless human sea that rolled away on every side, and surged over into the adjacent streets and vacant lots. All the vast area of the temple—at one end of which Maxentius and his immediate attendants stood upon a slightly elevated platform, while at the other appeared the altar and the statue of the god, far above which was a covered balcony for the vestal virgins—

was confusedly crowded by the highest dignitaries of the Roman state, both civil and military, and by as many of those whom their rank, or some special permission allowed to intermingle with them, as could find space on which to stand.

The splendid altar glowed with various flames, and clouds of incense rose and filled the place while slowly drifting upward to the roof. Then from the lofty balcony on which they stood concealed by delicate lattice work the vestal virgins chanted that lofty hymn which Callimachus, of Cyrene, composed in honor of the mighty love, and the sweet cadence of the mellifluous Greek verses wandered like angel voices all through the mighty temple. Then swinging the sacred censers with many graceful genuflections before the statue of the god, the Pontifex Maximus, clad in gorgeous robes, embroidered with laces and woven gold and precious stones, prayed unto Jove to be most favorable to the Emperor, to accept the offerings made by him and by all pious citizens of Rome, and to indicate by the flight of sacred birds and by the entrails of the sacred beasts, and by the oracles, that he would give victory to Maxentius.

Afterward, the Pontifex Maximus took from the sacred cage the birds that prophesied, and placing them upon his wrists, released them at the open window in the rear of the altar, and he and the priests delegated for that office carefully noted their prophetic flight. The birds that had been well fed and long confined rose a short distance in the air and then circled around the temple on their unused and heavy pinions, and then, not caring to pursue their flight over the city to the distant fields and woods, soon sailed home and alighted upon the open window sill. Then the Pontifex Maximus took them and exhibited them unto Maxentius. Then he advanced to the edge of the raised platform on which the altar rested, and in a loud voice cried out: "Behold, the sacred birds have refused to leave the temple, and the holy, safe and prosperous city, but have come back. Thus the god promises to be propitious unto Rome."

Then the priests restored the birds to their cages, and the assembled multitude burst into a shout of triumph: "Glory to the most holy Emperor Maxentius, to whom the god Jupiter is most favorable."

Close at hand, the priests, with their sharp, sacrificial knives, cut the throats of the beasts of sacrifice, and bore the reeking entrails, heart and livers, to the Pontifex Maximus, who diligently inspected them while the priests were burning at the altar such portions as were required to be burned in sacrifice. And again the Flamen of Jupiter advanced to the edge of the platform, and made proclamation that the augury was altogether favorable unto Rome. And once more a mighty shout of triumph pealed through the vast temple, and was taken up by those without and rolled down the slopes of the sacred hill, and spread throughout the waiting city.

Then said the Emperor Maxentius in a loud voice unto the Pontifex Maximus: "Thank thou the mighty god for me, and promise what thou wilt in my name unto the temple! But go now and consult the oracle!"

Then the Pontifex Maximus passed out of sight unto another chamber to the right hand of the altar, and after some small delay, during which an indistinguishable murmur came out from that place, the Pontifex returned, and, advancing once more to the edge of the platform, in a loud voice answered: "The oracle sendeth to the most holy Emperor Maxentius and to the people of Rome this message: *Certum est Impera-*

torem Maxentium super esse Constantium. And again the vast multitude gave forth a shout of triumph, saying : "Glory to the most holy Emperor Maxentius, the conqueror of Constantine, to whom the oracle hath promised victory!"

results of his divinations, did any one think it necessary to keep silence, or to pay any attention to the sacred rites ; and so, when it happened that Marcellus perceived among those who had obtained permission to enter into the body of the temple the grave face of the



"HE WENT FORWARD AND EMPTIED HIS PURSE INTO THE TREASURY."

Then, while the vestal virgins chanted, the Emperor left the temple, with his immediate attendants.

During the whole of these religious services, all of them were constantly engaged in conversation among themselves—talking of politics, of matters of private business or pleasure, or any other subject of mutual interest—and only when the Pontifex Maximus might come to the edge of the platform to announce the

presbyter Epaphras, he stepped up to him, and courteously saluted him, and entered into a conversation with him—a rather unusual thing for any Roman of his rank to do with one of the despised sons of Israel.

"It is a grand ceremony, surely," the centurion said. "How does it affect thee, Epaphras ? How doth it seem compared with thine own simple worship?"

And Epaphras answered : "Yonder is the Flamen

of Jupiter and his attendant priests, his oblations and altars, his sediles and vestal virgins. Yonder is the Emperor Maxentius and his courtiers. These two parties are evidently interested in the sacred rites. Here, in the body of the temple, are the senators and chieftain men of Rome, who have, perhaps, a political interest in the result of the divinations. Outside, and all around, are thousands of citizens of the middle classes; and beyond these the vast and unconsidered multitude of plebeians. Wilt thou tell me, centurion, what part or interest these innumerable crowds can have in the grand service of this god? Except to bring unto the temple offerings whereby this splendid ritual may be maintained, and its costly observance paid for, what have they to do with it? What to them is this ornate temple service? How doth this religion in any wise affect their hearts and consciences, or how control and elevate their lives?"

"Truly," answered Marcellus, "they have nothing to do with it, except, as thou sayest, to bring their offerings to the temple, and await the proclamation of the Pontifex Maximus, or listen to the divinations by bird, and beast, and oracle. But what wouldst thou have, then? It is not possible for every man to be a priest, and offer sacrifice, and interrogate the god?"

"Ah," said Epaphras, "I would have but one Priest, that lives for ever, and that hath offered up Himself, to be the one true sacrifice for the sins of all mankind; and I would have every man a worshiper, having access by faith in this one Priest and sacrifice, unto God, the Father of us all. I would have each man make true religion a matter personal to himself, so that, knowing the Priest and Sacrifice to have been both perfect man and true divinity—sinless, loving, and divine—the heart and life of the sincere worshiper might be transformed and renewed into the image and similitude of that holy life which this Priest and Sacrifice Himself did live! Knowest thou of whom I speak, centurion?"

"Yea; I do know!" said Marcellus; "but thou seemest in one particular to err; for we Romans do have private and personal worship, each man for himself, at home, or at the temple, as each one may choose, to any god whom he may trust the most!"

"Verily," said Epaphrus, "he may sacrifice unto the gods at home, and all of his worship is the offering and the prayer that it may be accepted. He may go into the temple alone, and with his offering purchase the good-will of the priest, but this worship, also, endeth with the gift, and the petition that it may be accepted. Ye thus seek to gain the divine aid for the accomplishment of personal ends, whether the thing for which ye pray be right or wrong; or else ye seek to expiate, pay for, some specific act of sin. Ye know nothing of sin, but only of sinful deeds, and the divine beauty and consolation of the idea of the forgiveness of sin is unknown to your religion. Hence thou knowest that in this personal religion of the Romans thou canst not find any one that prays for forgiveness of all sin and freedom from the dominion of it; but only seeking to expiate some vile specific, sinful deed; thou wilt also find them beseeching some god to aid them in accomplishing a sinful purpose. Thou wilt find the adulteress praying that her husband may remain undeceived, and that her paramour may be prosperous and generous. Thou wilt find the hatiræ beseeching Venus for larger profits from their impure and loathsome trade. Thou wilt find the thief praying unto the Hermes Dolios for skill and gains in the commission of an intended larceny, and promising a por-

tion of his plunder for the favor of the god; thou wilt find young maidens dedicating their girdles and bracelets to Athenis Apta; thou wilt find youths praying to Hercules or Jupiter to hasten the death of some rich relative in order that they may acquire his estate; and thou wilt find baser criminals invoking the gods to aid them in greater crimes; but not one anywhere that seeketh after personal holiness, or prays to be delivered from the desire to sin. Centurion, knowest thou that all of this is true?"

"Thou speakest truly," replied Marcellus; "but one thought which thou hast uttered seemeth intangible to me. We know that a sinful act must be expiated; but thou seemest to draw a distinction between sin and a sinful deed. How is that?"

"A sinful act," said Epaphras, "is an intentional transgression; sin is nonconformity to the will of God; ye Romans seek to expiate the act. Ye know nothing of the forgiveness of sin; the change of heart and mind by which the will is conformed to the will divine. But an evil tree yieldeth evil fruits; a bitter fountain yieldeth bitter waters. The religion of Rome, and all others except His whose name we dare not mention in this place, seeks to deal with sins which are the evil fruits, the bitter waters; but that one seeketh to make the tree good that the fruits may be good also; seeks to purify the fountain that its waters may be pure. For thou knowest, centurion, as every man must know, that if a man commit sin for which no expiation can be made, and the sorrow of the world taketh hold upon him, unless in his time of trial he shall have strength and courage to look away beyond all this ornate priesthood and pageantry, and in some form cast himself upon the mercy of an unknown God, the religion of thy country giveth him no hope nor help at all. But this unknown God, whom all men ignorantly do sometimes worship, is known to us that do believe, because He hath revealed Himself to us through that one Priest and sacrifice of whom we have been speaking. So that each individual man may, if he will, without any other sacrifice or priest whatever, by faith draw nigh unto God to the joy and consolation of his soul, finding true forgiveness even for sins that thy religion doth not pretend to expiate."

"Thou seest, therefore, that this religion is for every man; but the ornate and costly superstition of thy country is for the most part a business for the priests only, and for the Emperor; for the most part as much a department of the government, as much a political power, as are its military, police, and mercantile laws and regulations. It is a human institution, dependent for its very existence and maintenance upon human laws and governments, blended with them and their purposes and interests, participating in all their wrongs; and is, therefore, of necessity in itself thoroughly secular and dishonest, and incapable of regenerating the life of any man or nation."

"I think I comprehend thee mostly; but what dost thou mean by saying it is thoroughly secular and dishonest?"

"I mean that every such system is bound by the very conditions of its existence to give its sanction, in the name of God, to whatever the law of its domicile may prescribe, or else to cheat and juggle with false words and pretences to hide its own repugnance, as thou hast seen done this very day."

"In what respect?" said Marcellus.

"Thou hast heard the Flamen of Jupiter declare that all the divinations were favorable unto Rome," replied Epaphras; "but that he was not asked about

at all. He was asked whether the gods would give victory not to Rome but to Maxentius, and that he does not answer, because he does not know any more than thou dost. To this trick he had resorted because, if he answereth unfavorably to Maxentius, he dreads the imperial wrath; but, if he answer favorably, then he may soon have cause to tremble at the anger of Constantine, for the issue of the war is doubtful; he, there-

whenever religion is blended with government, it must necessarily be degraded into a mere ecclesiasticism, and so hopelessly incapable of taking one single step in advance of the laws in the enlightenment and regeneration of mankind. But the true religion, which hath for three centuries maintained itself, and hath spread abroad, even beyond the boundaries of the empire—in every quarter of the world—not only hath no govern-



"WILT THOU NOT KISS ME, DORCAS?"

fore, saith 'favorable unto Rome,' in order not to be committed to either faction in the state, and leave room to translate his augury in accordance with the issue, however the matter may come to pass."

"That is, indeed, a sharp criticism upon the Pontifex Maximus," answered Marcellus; "but art thou not mistaken? Did he not announce that the oracle had declared that Maxentius should overcome Constantine?"

"Wilt thou repeat the message of the oracle?" said the presbyter.

"Yea," replied the centurion; "the very words were: *Certum est Imperatorem Maxentium super esse Constantium!*"

"And dost thou not perceive," answered Epaphras, smiling, "that these words may just as well and as truly signify that 'Constantine will overcome Maxentius' as that 'Maxentius will overcome Constantine'? The Flamen of Jupiter hath used your Latin accusative with the infinitive verb to construct a sentence, for the oracle having a perfect double meaning, so that no matter how the event shall come to pass, he may boldly tell the people that the oracle foretold it."

"The fraud is transparent; but how would the other religion have answered in such a case?" asked the centurion. "Not at all. They who believe it teach that all war is illegal and criminal. They dare not bear arms on either side, nor pray for the success of either party to a crime. But they continually pray for peace."

"I can hardly understand, even yet," replied Marcellus, "how a religion can be maintained without a government."

"Yet, if thou wilt consider the matter well," said Epaphras, "thou wilt surely find that wherever and

ment to support it, but hath been persecuted and outlawed by imperial Rome even from the beginning, and yet in spite of all opposing agencies, in secret, unheeded—almost unknown except to its own communities—it groweth continually. Because it is not a kingdom of this world; hath no partnership with any earthly kingdom; dependeth upon none of them, and is a personal matter to each individual man and woman unto whom its messages may come. So that if thou cast a man alone on rocky Patmos, or if thou drive him forth into the Libyan deserts, beyond all human companionship and aid; or if thou deprive him of hearing, sight, and speech, and chain him in the dungeon's darkness and solitude, yet everywhere, in all times and places, he may, by faith in our one Priest and Sacrifice, hold sweet communion with the God and Father of all. And no mortal injury on earth can deprive even the poorest and meanest of the disciples of the consolations of his faith, or prevent him from offering up acceptable worship to his God. It would gratify me much, centurion, to have thee examine, with equal care and candor, those salient points of difference between the religion of Rome and all others on the one side, and that one of which we have been speaking; for I desire thy welfare."

But the services were ended, the Emperor was withdrawing from the temple, and Marcellus being required to resume his station among his brother-officers, they too, parted courteously, and each one went his way.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH MARCELLUS DISCOVERETH A BARBARIAN.

DURING all the week the young man seemed to himself to live upon the memory of his visit to the Chris-

tian chapel in the catacombs, and the new and wonderful experience which he had encountered there. He thought that he was happier than he had ever been before, and his step once more grew elastic and his visage bright.

The Vice-Prefect saw this joyous change, and imagined it to have resulted from the fact that the youth had thus quickly mastered the passion which seemed to have been consuming him, but made no inquiries—satisfied to see that the centurion had resumed the cheerful discharge of duty, and had ceased to wander with aimless step and hopeless countenance along the Appian Way.

This conversion to a physically normal and healthful condition was accompanied also by changes in his moral and mental constitution of which the youth was almost unconscious. His nature was softening under the influence of the higher and purer culture with which he had come into brief and pleasant contact. Even the fashionable brutalities and sensualisms of Rome were growing distasteful to him. The lascivious exhibition of the theatre seemed to him in some undefined, intangible way to be degrading not only to the shameless actresses who trod the stage, but to all true womanhood; and the cruel and murderous scenes of the Colosseum no longer elicited his admiration nor extorted his applause. The splendid barbarian was becoming refined by association with loving charity, which even yet he knew not how to appreciate at its true value, and with living truth, that he had only seen in evanescent gleams and "as through a glass darkly."

He knew nothing of the division of time by Sabbaths, a custom common to both Jews and Christians, but he counted the days until the seventh, and rejoiced like a child as the number grew less and less between him and the day of his promised meeting with Dorcas, and when the seventh day had come, very early in the morning, with quick, elastic steps and beaming eyes he strode once more along the Appian Way.

The passionate, fierce desire to possess the object of his affections, which, indeed, was all that the sensual Romans knew of love, had almost faded out of his heart, and slowly but beautifully, as a rose unfolds in dew and starlight, a dim consciousness was blooming in his spirit that the love which alone could be worthy of Dorcas was that affection which seeketh, first of all, the happiness of the one beloved. He could not have uttered this dawning perception in any form of words, but it elevated and refined him; and with a sense of sweeter and higher happiness, he hastened to the entrance of the catacombs.

Dorcas was there awaiting him. The morning light toyed with her golden hair, the loving light caressed her glorious face and lissome form, and a light more pure and enchanting than the rising dawn slept in her azure eyes. She sprang forward to meet him, and extended both her little hands, which the centurion gently took in his own, and then stood looking down upon her glowing face with throbbing heart and beaming eyes, and softly said: "Wilt thou not kiss me, Dorcas?"

"Yea, gladly and lovingly," she answered, with a happy smile. She was so happy. Only a month ago he would have seized her in his arms, even against her will, and would have crushed her rosebud of a mouth with cruel, sensual lips—she saw the mighty difference and rejoiced. He felt the mighty difference in his very soul, and the consciousness of it both humbled and exalted him.

Then said he most tenderly: "I have been a brute unto thee, Dorcas; thou must forgive me, darling, for I did not know!" and she answered to him: "Surely thy fault is hardly personal to thee, Marcellus, seeing that it was but that of Roman civilization and of paganism!" Then with a sweet blush spreading over her exquisite face, in low, delicious, happy tones, she said: "I love thee, Marcellus; I do love thee dearly! Thou hast large capacities for good in thy strong, pure heart and mind!"

Then it seemed to him as if scales had fallen from his eyes that he might all at once perceive how hard, selfish and sensuous was the life of the practical Romans, and what wide possibilities of purer, higher, nobler existence might be for him and other men. Rome herself was beginning to appear to him but as a barbarian compared with what might be, even as the tribes of Gaul and of Germania seemed barbarous when compared with Rome; except that the comparison between the barbarians and Rome referred to physical progress and intellectual life alone, while that to which Rome was like a barbarian was neither intellectual nor physical, yet what it was he did not clearly understand; but as to the crystalline chastity of that world of thought, emotion, purposes—in which both Dorcas and Epaphras dwelt—the centurion discovered himself to be but a barbarian.

Then once more, hand in hand, bearing their lighted lamps, the twain trod through the long galleries together, and once more, at every new passage which they reached and sought to enter, a voice of one unseen cried out: "Walk thou by faith!" and Dorcas sweetly answered: "In His name!" and so they went on until the lighted chapel opened in their path, wherein many had already assembled. And Dorcas said: "Wilt thou not enter in and sit with me? No one objecteth here to any peaceful visitor, and thou wilt learn nothing that can injure thee."

Then passed he with her into the chapel and they sat together, and in low tones, that seemed most fitting to the place and the surroundings, talked they of many things. And while the congregation was assembling, the centurion observed that when they came in, one by one, or two by two, all adult persons, and some even of the children, stepped quietly into an alcove made in the side of one of the galleries, where was a table having a box on the top thereof and a lamp burning above it, and in a moment more returned and took their seats. "Dorcas," said he, "what ceremony taketh them into that place?"

And she said: "We Christians make a weekly offering of whatever each may have above that which is necessary for himself and family, and this goeth into the common treasury, for the common good, to be applied as our deacons, or stewards, may direct. They are making their offerings now. Therefore we pray: 'Give us our daily bread,' which prayer would be but mockery of God if we should violate the law of Christ by 'laying up treasures in our private storehouses for future use.' We Christians live, as men of Rome would say, 'from hand to mouth'; but the common church accumulates for all."

"And if misfortune overtake any one," said Marcellus, "how doth he live, having given all that he had unto the church?"

"All the church hath is his," said Dorcas, "according to his necessities. So that among us those who are given little lack nothing, and those to whom much is given have nothing over; but there is enough, and to spare, for all."

"I have a few pieces with me," said Marcellus; "thine thou that they would take it kindly if I put them in the box?"

"They solicit no one," she answered, "nor have they any right to reject the offering of any that is made with hope that it may accomplish good. But thou, centurion," she added with a kindly smile, "must not forget that, when thou casteth money into the treasury, thou art aiding the despised and persecuted cause of Christ."

For an instant the young man's cheek burned with an angry flush, but it passed off as quickly as it came, and he quietly went forward and emptied his purse into the treasury, and then resumed his seat beside her, saying: "I hope that even the pitiful sum I had with me may do some little good."

By this time all the congregation had assembled, and thereupon the presbyter Epaphras entered into the chapel, and seeing Marcellus there, he advanced and kindly greeted him; and having taken his station upon the platform, the congregation rose, and with right hand uplifted, repeated in solemn tones the declaration of their faith. And the ceremonies proceeded as upon the preceding Sabbath, except that there was no Anastasis of the dead, and Epaphras occupied the time which had been consumed by that service upon the former occasion by a short address or "sermon," as Dorcas denominated it.

The centurion listened to the first Christian sermon he had ever heard with a strange, absorbing interest. A world of light broke in upon his spirit when the presbyter said: "Ye see, therefore, beloved, that there never was, and never can be, a false religion in the world, inasmuch as all religion is in itself only the utterance of the heart's deathless yearnings for the one true God, after whom the human race seeketh, and whom the heathen do ignorantly conceive to dwell in the bright stars above us, or in idols of wood and stone, which are the workmanship of their own hands. And this honest, universal, but mistaken effort of sin-blinded men to bestow a physical, tangible shape and existence upon the one true God hath filled the world with idols—the false conceptions and human representations of Him that is invisible except unto the eye of faith; that is a spirit, and is only worshiped truly by those that worship Him in spirit and in truth; whom our Lord Jesus Christ hath revealed to them that love Him." Because from the worship of the idolaters itself, and from the lessons of the Platonic philosophy then current in the city of Rome, it appeared to him with almost startling vividness that if the one God of the Christians be substituted for all others, and the Christ taken as the fulfillment of Plato's splendid vision of the Divine Man that was to instruct men in the will of God and reconcile them to His ways, all that he had been taught to regard as religion would be wonderfully simplified, and this very simplicity itself seemed to demonstrate its truth. But the departing of the congregation broke the thread of his meditations, and soon all others had gone except Epaphras, Dorcas and himself.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH THERE IS SOME TALK OF MARRIAGE.

AFTER the conclusion of the services in the chapel in the rock, Epaphras said to Marcellus: "I rejoice, centurion, to see thee among us here again, and hope that thou mayest learn to love our simple form of worship, and that thou wilt never find aught therein

which should rightfully subject us to the malediction of good men or of righteous laws?"

"If all Christians be such as thou and Dorcas," said the centurion, "I would gladly learn the faith which worketh out characters so perfect."

"Thou lovest the maiden, then?" said Epaphras, striving in vain to conceal his agitation.

"Yea," answered Marcellus, taking the girl's hand in his, "I love her as I do mine own life, and more!" But Epaphras indicated to Dorcas that he wished to converse with the centurion alone, and so the maiden withdrew to the women's apartments.

"And, notwithstanding," said Epaphras, in slow, deliberate tones that seemed to place an emphasis on every word, "thou didst offer unto her not long ago the grossest insult that a Christian maiden can receive." The young centurion's face became flushed and troubled and there was a distressful silence. But at length he said:

"I have even told Dorcas that I was as a brute, or a barbarian, to her, and she knoweth well that it was the barbarism or brutality of ignorance. But to speak the very truth, even yet I do not understand why my love for her was a thing so different from what it ought to have been, and, if thou canst credit me, so different from what now it is!"

"Didst thou not know, then," said Epaphras, "that what thou calldest love without marriage is unpardonable sin and hopeless degradation to every Christian woman, and that marriage without love is in no respect a better or more honorable thing?"

The youth flushed vividly; but his brave, sincere nature asserted itself, and he answered by a simple, straightforward statement of the truth, saying:

"Verily, I did not. I call to witness all gods, both thine and mine, that I believed and know that nearly all the Roman youth, of both sexes, do believe that such love as I did offer Dorcas is better far for her, or any other girl, than to assume the burdens and the bonds of matrimony, from which both men and women in Rome recoil with such strong loathing that we have enacted the Julian and Papinean laws, and other laws, to compel the unwilling citizens to contract marriages. O gladly would I take Dorcas to be my wife; but I did think that the arrangement I proposed to make was far better, both for her and me, than matrimony. And, while now I love the maiden otherwise, and feel, somehow, that the former arrangement is not a fit nor proper one for her, I tell thee, Epaphras, in perfect truth, that I cannot understand *why* this is so!"

"That I will even tell thee," answered the presbyter. "It is because thou hast begun to realize the truth that ye Romans are not fit to be true husbands or true wives."

"And why not?" said Marcellus, "There is no finer race of beings on the earth."

"Because," said the presbyter, "the union of men and women, even on the basis of physical and intellectual excellencies alone, is but a commerce of more gifted brutes, and is no real marriage, which is a higher and purer relation for which ye Romans are not fit, because 'your lasciviousness and unchastity have been so notorious for centuries that when the emperor sought to reform manners by the Julian law your wives and mothers did not hesitate to escape the legal penalties of adultery by exchanging the decent state of matronhood for the toga of the avowed courtesan, to whom the law did not apply.' Ye never knew what a true marriage is. 'Ye publicly boast that ye have renounced marriage, and public confidence in marriage

and the family tie is shaken to its center; and, ‘on the other hand, the women themselves, insulted by the neglect of the other sex, and exasperated at the inferiority of their position, avenge themselves by holding the institution of legitimate marriage with almost equal aversion. They are indignant at the state of servitude to which it binds them, the state of legal dependence in which it keeps them; for it leaves them without rights, even without the enjoyment of their own property; it reduces them to the state of mere children, or rather transfers them from the power of their parent to that of their husbands. They continue through life, in spite of the mockery of respect with which your laws surround them, *things* rather than *persons*; things that can be sold, transferred backwards and forwards from one master to another for the sake of their dowry, or even for their powers of child-bearing.’ Ye degrade and despise your women so much that, long ago, the Censor Metellus, in your august senate, said: ‘Could we exist without wives at all, doubtless we should all rid ourselves of the plague they are to us; since, however, nature hath decreed that we cannot dispense with the affliction it is better to bear it manfully, and rather look to the permanent conservation of the state than to our own transient gratification;’ and Augustus, a hundred years afterwards, recited this invective in your senate, and ye had to resort to stringent laws to compel your citizens to marry. And ye despised women so thoroughly that the most of them were destroyed in infancy, and those who survived were not esteemed worthy to have a prenomen—left even nameless. And it resulted from this degradation of the sex that your women, uninstructed, ill-treated, half-employed, threw themselves with all the passionate self-abandonment of their weaker natures into the worship of Anubis and Astarte, and all the libidinous sensualism of Egypt and of the East; and as ye became more and more degraded the men followed them until your whole social life-path became utterly infamous and unclean. So it hath been throughout the world; women are thoroughly despised, and the wife is everywhere a slave. But our Saviour Christ, that hath addressed His gospel to each individual and not to any sect or nation, and hath devolved upon each one for himself a personal responsibility that implies, in the very definition of it, personal rights as well as duties—a responsibility which is necessarily and eternally antagonistic to *all* slavery—hath also emancipated the wife from the condition of a slave, and hath elevated her to the equal station of a companion, counselor and friend by ordaining monogamic marriage to be a sacrament of religion, based upon mutual affection and consent, and by prohibiting divorce. So thou must see, centurion, that the love of a Christian for his wife is quite another thing than the unlicensed passion of a Roman, and than the contract, founded upon interest and expediency, by which a wife is taken. Thou seest clearly that a Christian marriage sanctifies sexhood, elevates women, and renders the family tie a sacred and indissoluble one that forms the basis of society. And if thou wilt seriously consider all these things thou canst not fail to understand what a pure and holy thing is that which Dorcas calleth ‘love,’ nor of what manner of love he should be capable that deserveth to have her for his wife.”

Then the centurion answered: “I am a very young man, and have never had inclination or occasion to examine many of the matters of which thou speakest, and I feel rather than understand the meaning of thy words. But I perceive clearly that thou knowest how to lay thy heavy hand upon every sore place that

afflicteth the Roman body politic. If any man doubt that the Romans themselves comprehend the vast evil of war, slavery, intemperance, usury, and luxury, a knowledge of the laws continually enacted, and re-enacted so ineffectually, would certainly remove his doubts. But while the Romans know and regret the terrible decadence of all public and social integrity and virtue, they know not any statute or custom that can arrest its downward progress; and so we live as we can under the laws and customs which have grown upon us. Dost thou know any law, Epaphras, that might accomplish the various reformations contemplated by such enactments as the Julian law, the Oppian and Vaconian laws, and the law of Augustus?”

“Nay, verily!” replied the presbyter; “no human statute can remedy these evils, or even reach the seat of the universal malady. The larger wisdom of our Saviour Christ is manifested by the fact that He did know it was a vainer thing than beating of the wind to enact any such laws—the most perfect code of which the Jews had tested for long centuries—and hence, the divine truth, by which He purposeth to accomplish the regeneration of mankind, never assumed the shape of a statute to govern Christians or Jews, Greeks or barbarians; was never confirmed by the infliction of any temporal penalties, but is addressed to each individual man as *man*. He constantly saith ‘every man,’ ‘any man,’ ‘whosoever will;’ and His gospel is not addressed to any sect, corporation, government, or class—social or political—but to the individual; and no mortal enginery on earth can either compel the individual to do, or to leave undone, what is essential to his becoming a Christian. So, centurion, thou seest that while no man can reform and regenerate the Roman world, and is, therefore, not responsible for that it is not done, any can, if he will, our Lord helping him, reform, regenerate, and purify his own heart and life, and he is held to be personally accountable for his failure to do so. The Kingdom of Heaven, the Church of Christ, to-day, unseen and unknown, extends throughout the empire, and even further than the power of Rome hath ever gone; but the faith which justifies the individual is personal and peculiar to each man, and is beyond the reach of any human statute. But it is the Sabbath day, and I, and also this young deaconess, Dorcas, have yet many duties to discharge, so that thou mayest go in peace, and come again upon the Seventh day hence, if such be thy desire.”

Then the centurion and Epaphras saluted each other with great kindness, and Dorcas having been recalled, she and Marcellus took up each a lamp, and, hand in hand, they twain trod the long galleries once more until they reached that one which led on to the entrance by which the young man came. And as they walked on the centurion said: “What is the Sabbath, Dorcas?”

And she answered: “It is the Seventh day upon which our Lord arose from the dead after that He had been crucified under Pontius Pilate; and every Sabbath we Christians celebrate His resurrection in the communion, as he commanded.”

“Arose from the dead after that he had been crucified!” said Marcellus, amazedly.

“Yea! Surely thou canst not think it an incredible thing that God should raise Him from the dead, when thou hast seen with thine own eyes the Anastasis of our brother Charis?”

“That is most true,” said Marcellus. “But, Dorcas, are there no books containing the history of these things? Epaphras talks to me most kindly and learnedly, but somewhat too much with reference to

large questions of social and political truth. But I would fain know more of this same Jesus—more that is personal to Him; more of what He said, and did, and felt, and thought, and suffered! Are there such books, Dorcas, anywhere?"

And a glad light glorified her speaking countenance as she replied:

"Yea, thou most dear Marcellus. I will obtain for thee by next Sabbath the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles, and thou mayest read the holy Scriptures for thyself."

"And, Dorcas, what is it to be a deaconess, as Epaphras said thou art?"

"It is to aid in caring for the chapel, and in the preparation of the bread and wine, and to distribute to the women of our community out of the treasury, according as each hath need, either permanently or by reason of some temporary necessity."

"And thy parents, Dorcas, where are they?" asked Marcellus.

"Both suffered martyrdom for the faith of Jesus when I was yet in infancy."

"Ah! I remember to have heard thee say they died when thou wast very young, but thou didst not say how. Both martyrs! Dorcas, dost thou not hate Rome and the Emperor, and every Roman, for this cruel wrong?"

"Nay, nay, centurion! Hast thou not heard us pray for our enemies, and for the Emperor and all others in authority! I pity and forgive them! I doubt not that just men even have persecuted us in all good conscience, ignorantly, as did Saul of Tarsus, of

whom thou mayest read in the beautiful parchments I shall get for thee."

"It is most strange and moving," cried Marcellus, "Tacitus saith that the Christians are 'full of hatred for the human race.' Yet I see that ye Christians hate no one, and even pray for those who despitefully use you!"

They walked on in silence, the centurion almost oppressed with meditations upon the new and wonderful life that was slowly revealing itself to his astonished intellect, and upon the more wonderful changes that seemed to be in progress in the depths of his own nature; and the young girl watched him with patient love and hope. And when they had reached the gallery which she had already named "Marcellus Way," she lifted her glad face to his saying: "Kiss me, love, and go in peace."

The youth saluted her with a respect and loving kindness that seemed to him new, strange and exquisite, and as he wended his way on to the upper world the fullness of his heart uttered its joy in low and loving words: "There is none like her! There is none! There is no love like mine in all the world! It is a new fire stolen from heaven most blessed, warm and pure, such as no Roman hath ever known before. It is not in the sweet verse of Sappho, and Hesiod's perfect melodies know naught of it! Nor breathes it out of any music of Anacreon's lyre! That which Ovid and Tibullus sing of love is but licentiousness compared with it, and compared with it the finest odes of Horace are unclean, dead and cold! For there is none like her in all the world—not one!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ALL?

To live—it is not much—

Food and slumber, a laugh, a sigh,
Work and weariness, Death's quick touch,
Then all goes by.

To love! Ah, foolish dream;

Poor empty dream—yet fair and dear—
So dear, naught given on earth can seem
As true and near.

To die—the cold lips close,

The heart is dumb, the eyelids fall,
The restless frame takes on repose—
And is this all?

Whence speeds the living breath?

Thoughts eager light the soul's strong wings.
Ah, Life the riddle is; but Death
Its answer brings!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

THE THREE CROWNS.

BY ORPHEUS C. KERR.

I.

By devious ways from wold, or woodland, come ;
From that green world outreaching farthest air
Around the mightiest Capitals, save where,
Perchance, the Sea, as dwarfing, vast and dumb,
To space as boundless rolls its misty blue ;
From that green world—and why they scarcely knew,
Unless, like vines, to follow wanton light—
Three youthful travelers met upon a Height
That verged the stony trespass of a town,
And on its turmoil of mankind looked down.

II.

The generous sun, in loyal faith to all,
That they should near a haven ere he sped,
Left yet his mirror, as he veiled his head,
In full-orbed beauty hanging on the wall ;
And scarce the azure vault with night was dim,
When, lo ! a gentler imaging of him
So much maturity of splendor took,
That here and there a star stole out to look,
Until the Three, upon the summit met,
Their noonday shadows found in silver set.

III.

And tarrying thus, as though by one consent ;
And gazing there, as in a brothered dream,
Upon the sunken city's gloom and gleam,
They felt that unrevealing curtain rent
Which falls 'twixt soul and soul in mystic line ;
And spoke the boldest, lightly : "Comrades mine,
Since come we here together, as by chance,
And see each other's visions at a glance,
We'll make yon Moon confessor of our band—
Tell each his tale, and where his Promised Land.

IV.

"Heed, Gipsy Queen, 'neath stars unhoused, as we,
And ever kind to vagrant fortune's cry :
From field and flock the latest truant I,
To seek in Art a deathless history !"
With laugh, and asking look, he turned his head
To where another, older, answering said :
"Beneath this rustic mantle's fold I bring
Words writ in drops from the Pierian Spring
That rises in the spirit poet-stirred."
And—"Why I come I know not," said the third.

V.

In billowing mass of street and roof and spire,
The great, dim Babel spreading at their feet
Was lapt in haze, as in a winding-sheet,
Through which its souls looked out, in points of fire,
From sheen and shade of distance magnified.
"Could I but Paint it thus!" one watcher cried ;
"Could I but sing its Song!" another said ;
"Could I but have its love when I am dead!"—
The last-remaining sighed—"God's will till then!"—
And both his comrades breathed a low Amen !

498

VI.

The wanderers lapsed into a silent mood ;
Once more alone with each his soul did seem,
A new world daring at the world's extreme ;—
When, heard by none, a Fourth among them stood,
So weirdly robed unto his feet, that he
Seemed borne within his raiment soundlessly ;
And each who gazed a half-caught likeness found
Of his own shadow risen from the ground,
To knit to life against the moon's white rim
And stand, embodied, on the Height with him.

VII.

"Be radiant, Earth, with all the light thou hast
In darkness hid," (the voice is soft and clear,
And arms, low-draped, like cloudy wings appear
To poise and brood above the picture vast,)—
"That mortal eyes may more than mortals view,
As though a godlike vision looking through,
Amid the walled and bywayed haunts of men!"—
And, turning swiftly to the dreamers then—
"What each beholds let him reveal to me ;
So shall I read for each what is to be."

VIII.

No recreant terror held their hearts in bond,
But, with a common impulse, forth they leaned,
Upon the dizzy ledge mid-air careened,
As witched to cast them in the low Beyond.—
What time that nether lifted to their sight,
In lustre refluent of the beaming night,
Its citied maze of infinite abode,
Wherethrough, like serpents scaled in flame, there glowed
The highway's dotted torches, winding far,
To blend and fade in distance to a star.

IX.

"A tortuous pass of wrack and pitfall gropes
'Mid noisome depths of Woe's last, poor retreat,
When Noon's untempered rays relentless beat
On riven walls o'erhung with crumbling copes,
And human shapes of want and guilt as base ;
But now, its ruins, dimmed to filmy grace
In Evening's molten pearl transfusing here,
As seen by Mercy gazing through a tear,
With such redeeming charm are glorified,
That Art, like Heav'n, forgives the shame they hide!"

X.

Thus, lingering, he who greeted first the scene ;
To whom the stranger, gently—"Well hast thou
This symbol earned to rest upon a brow
Whose temples throb with thoughts of fairer mien
Than Nature wears for aught but chosen few;"
And from his umbrous robes a wreath he drew
Of Lilies carved in Summer's dream of snow ;
"Thy kingdom sends thee this, ere thou shalt go
To wake in silver trumps a hueless fame,
As lilies chaste,—and TACT shall be thy name."

XI.

A glamourous light was in the Singer's face :—
 “Upon a couch whose sordid tatters catch
 Such spectral pallors through the gaping thatch,
 That, like a shade in water, glooms the trace
 Of something ghastly, darker, colder there,—
 The fallen sainthood of a woman's hair
 In passion desolate enshrouds the feet
 Which ne'er in life brought look, or guerdon, sweet.
 Since angels saw a Mary's tresses wrung,
 From locks like these their pleading harps are strung !”

XII.

With tenderer tone the speech responsive broke
 On waiting stillness : “See a chaplet twined
 In Roses red, his shining brow to bind
 Whose lofty visions of his race evoke
 A soul of beauty from unlovely things,
 And bid it soar, transformed, on seraph's wings.
 About thy steps let grateful incense rise
 Where'er the trodden flower, as it dies,
 Shall hail thee TALENT from its fragrant tomb,
 And fondly waft thy praise while roses bloom.”

XIII.

One Traveler, yet, was left his tale to tell :
 “In crouching stealth a homeless wretch I mark,
 Less cursing God and man if night were dark
 To hide his robber-flight from both as well ;
 For, ravenous clutched, a pilfered bone he gnaws.
 And now a starving mongrel near him draws—
 His brother-brute—with plaintive whine and moan ;
 He starts—he stares—he gives the dog the bone.
 One heart grows still at morn, in shriveless sin,
 That broke to let a poorer creature in.”

XIV.

A sentient hush pervaded all the air ;
 And then a murmur'rous thrill of wood and sea,
 Along the Height, awoke the trancing Three,
 To find themselves alone together there.
 But through the balmy ether came a Voice :
 “In thine unfading diadem rejoice,
 That it is thine to see its glory shed
 On him who has not where to lay his head ;
 For thou art GENIUS whom its grace adorns !”
 And, lo ! his forehead bore a Crown of Thorns.

STUDIES IN SUPERNATURALISM.

“Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
 Unnatural and full of contradictions ;
 Yet others of our most romantic schemes
 Are something more than fictions.” —HOOD.

A HUNDRED years ago, one John Mott, the son of influential New Jersey Quakers, who had forfeited his religious birthright by giving long service in arms and all his substance to his country, accepted for maintenance the office of county sheriff—made doubly responsible by the unsettled condition of the commonwealth, and the number of reckless men let loose upon a society which could furnish them no employment. Having upon one occasion journeyed some distance from home, Mr. Mott, during the night previous to his return, dreamed a dream, and this was the manner of it :

It seemed that he was walking near his own town, and that he entered a certain dense and unfrequented forest, noting his way carefully as he went on that he might not become lost, until he reached a deep glen, into which he descended. There he seemed to find two men of most villainous aspect, reclining as if in concealment, while a third, quite young and of prepossessing countenance, sat somewhat apart, appearing to be plunged in deep grief, and constantly passing one hand over another as if in the act of washing them. “Why are you doing that ?” asked Mr. Mott, in his dream. “There is blood on my hands,” answered the young man ; “I cannot get it off. It is the blood of a lamb.”

Arriving home the following afternoon, the sheriff found himself the center of an excited crowd, eager to furnish details of an atrocious crime, and to put themselves under his leadership for the discovery of the criminals, who it was believed must be secreted not many miles from the neighborhood. A house had been plundered two nights earlier, and an entire family, including a babe taken from its cradle, had been foully murdered.

Mr. Mott, as we have seen, had been educated to trust in “movings of the spirit,” and was no doubt by inheritance subject to vivid inspirations—both his father and mother being noted preachers. He, therefore, believing himself supernaturally informed, declared that he knew the hiding-place of the murderers. Selecting and minutely instructing a dozen men or so, he divided them into three squads, one of which he led. These, penetrating at different points the forest of his dream, and converging toward a common center according to his directions, actually found the supposed glen, and, by a preconcerted stealthy approach, surprised and captured three men, perfectly corresponding in appearance with those whom he seemed to have visited in sleep.

The youngest of the group made immediate confession—relating how, roaming the country in search of work and rendered desperate by failure, he had fallen in with the two ruffians, and after urgent persuasion had consented to assist in the planned burglary, having exacted a solemn promise that no murder should be done. To sustain his wavering resolution he had been well plied with drink ; and, consequently, on being drawn into the house by his comrades, had remained near the open window in a drunken stupor, which the sight of the horrid tragedy had converted into a mood of maniacal frenzy. He indistinctly remembered that at the last he had been abusively taunted with having rendered no assistance, and that in ungovernable fury he had snatched the infant out of its cradle and hurled it against the wall to instant death.

So thoroughly was Mr. Mott convinced of the truth of the wretched youth's statement and of his most poignant repentance, that, failing after every possible effort to procure a commutation of the death-sentence, he resigned his office, and could never be induced to track another criminal.

Now, this history was repeatedly related in my pres-

ence, during early life, by the youngest daughter of John Mott—a child of his old age—who had learned it from his own lips as well as from the hearsay of others, and whose very remarkable memory was to be absolutely trusted. As she happened also to be my mother, whatever interest such a narration would naturally arouse was intensified in my childish mind, and the impression was much deepened by the fact that the narrator herself, though an eminently practical woman, occasionally related a singular dream of her own, which after events seemed always to verify.

It came about, therefore, that even in childhood, I began the observation and study of strange psychological phenomena; and when, somewhat later, it came to be unnecessary to look beyond myself for instances of what might be termed supernatural experience, my pleasure cannot be described. But as the finder of an imagined diamond will have it most accurately tested and weighed, that he may know how much he is really enriched, so each time, upon receiving what appeared to be evidence of discernment "aboon the common," it became my foremost care to doubt, to challenge—if possible to disprove and cease to value—such apparent evidence. All this from the overwhelming motive of obtaining indisputable proof of the possession of an immortal nature, superior to all mundane conditions, and constantly urging its way toward dis-association from a terrestrial life. For, indeed, if it be possible for us to see without mortal eyes, hear without mortal ears, send and receive messages without visible means of transmission, above all, foresee or foreknow events the approach of which reason refuses to credit, then is the "natural body" no wise indispensable to conscious existence, and we do surely stand before the open and "everlasting doors" of Futurity.

Perhaps the earliest intimation we shall have of our inherent supernaturalness will be the discovery that thoughts originating in other minds sometimes flow into ours, and take possession of our emotions when neither word nor look can have conveyed them. I shall hazard little in citing instances of this, since doubtless many of my readers can match them from personal experience.

Many years ago I awoke one night as if some one had called me, and at the moment of waking knew that a certain friend, two hundred miles eastward, was writing me a letter the distressful significance of which I fully apprehended. Soon after the clock struck twelve. Thirty-six hours later I received a letter from my friend, written under strong excitement, and containing the intelligence of which I had been mysteriously made aware. This was its opening sentence: "It is just midnight."

Again: chancing to be traveling by rail, I entered into conversation with a little lady who sat facing me and to whom I felt attracted. Somewhat weary with talking at last, I sank back, and looking out of the window became lost in thought. Suddenly I experienced a violent mental shock, followed by a thrill of horror and the thought: "There is a collision! Some one is killed!" I had barely time to collect my senses and observe that we were gliding steadily on without disaster, when the little lady, pale and tremulous, touched my arm: "Did you observe that tall pole we just passed? Two years ago I was on this route, and right there we had a collision, and two men were killed. The moment I caught sight of that pole I lived it all over again."

Now, I will not say that such instances prove more than a partial suspension or momentary obliteration of the mere "law of the flesh," with the substitution of

another which may be but one of the finer physical laws holding us in leash. For the benefit of those reasoners who claim that we are nothing if not material I will admit that there may be dwelling with this ponderable body (very likely elaborated from it) one comparatively imponderable, composed of highly sublimated matter, and capable of holding independent, if involuntary, communication with similar exquisite organizations, especially after sympathetic approach. True, it is difficult to expand the theory, and allow that all thought, affection, passion, will,

"Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

are in their turn but the further attenuation of such previously attenuated substance; but supposing this to be the case, where is this sublimation of matter to end? Having refined and agitated itself from deadness to vitality, from inertia to intellectual energy, and from blank idiocy to piercing and god-like comprehension, why not go on with the process, and refine its organic refinements wholly away from the corruptible into perpetually refining and gloriously eternal individualism? Really, if I could be immortal on no other terms, I would gladly accept these!

Having forbidden ourselves to infer too much from this mystical cognition of human minds, let us see what can be made of the following incident:

Said a lady to me, very mournfully: "I am about to lose one of my children." "Assuredly not!" I ejaculated; "they seem in perfect health." "True," she answered; "but this morning I entered my parlor and saw, resting upon two chairs in the northeast corner, a child's coffin. You know I am not fanciful or superstitious; but ten years ago I was one afternoon crossing the street to my gate, when a baby's coffin came rushing toward me so rapidly that, without an instant's time in which to question the reality of the sight, I leaped one side to avoid being struck. That evening my baby was taken with cholera and died in a few hours."

Two days subsequent to this conversation the lady led me into her parlor that I might look upon the remains of her infant Abby, the earliest victim in the neighborhood to malignant diphtheria. The sexton had placed the little coffin upon a table between two windows, and as the mother hung over it, sobbing, she said: "After all, this is not the coffin I saw. That was larger, and was placed, closed, upon two chairs in yonder corner."

Three days later, in the same house, another sexton, having completed preparations for the funeral of little Martha, requested the mother and myself to pass in and inspect his arrangements. After an expectant look in the direction of the table, the mother turned, and looking toward the northeast corner, where upon two chairs rested the closed coffin, cried, with burst of anguish: "Ah! there is exactly what I saw."

Now, can it be that inanimate things have power to project phantoms of themselves to distant places, as heralds of their own speedy arrival? Are they—all inorganic as they are—also possessed of imponderable elements capable of self-agitation, reflection and foresight? Can they, of their own will, transmit prophetic tidings to persons vitally concerned?

It may be suggested instead that objects, particularly such as excite the emotions, may print themselves with peculiar clearness upon the retina, the delicate linings of the brain, or possibly upon that elaborated substance which we mistake for soul, and so, in any accidental shifting of light, may float again before the vision. This would be plausible did it explain anything more

than the fact of sight. But the appalling rush of that first air-borne coffin, followed by an immediate death; the ten years exemption from like visitation; the occurrence of a similar phenomenon at a time precisely appropriate, the locality particularized, the correct apparitional representation, the unmistakable prophetic meanings—such an attempt at explanation totally ignores.

Or, it may be imagined that, in the mother's mind, thought (carried on without cerebral activity) had darted away upon a flight of discovery, perceived the relations of remote objects, calculated future conjunctions, and sent reports rippling back through currents ever less rare and fine, until, torn and fragmentary, they reached and startled the ulterior consciousness. This certainly would signify perfect independence of material conditions, which is what we hope to find; but then it is no way conformable to common sense. Let us discover a simpler philosophy if we can.

Clairvoyance—or the power of seeing unaided by the natural eyes something that actually exists, or some impress of that which formerly existed—is so generally admitted that it is hardly worth while to adduce proofs of its reality. Nor am I disposed to assert that it demonstrates our superiority to matter. A sublimated organization, corresponding with this "too, too solid flesh," would certainly have visual organs of its own, or the brain itself may be capable of receiving photographic impressions through vibrations of atoms finer than those that impart light to the outward eyes.

"Were you kept awake by the noise of the ball last night?" asked a gentleman at whose house I was a guest on my late arrival at the breakfast table. "Oh, no!" I replied; "nothing disturbed me after midnight until just at daylight, when I looked out and saw a man in a "democrat" wagon start from the blacksmith's yard, drive around to the hotel, take in eight young men, who seemed rather too hilarious, and carry them off up the hill." "Yes," said my host, "I happened to look out of my bedroom window, and I saw the wagon start." "I was up and out in the garden," added his son; "I saw it drive up to the hotel, and take in the eight young men. They had evidently been drinking, and were very jolly." "But how did you see all that?" put in a lady who had shared my room, addressing me. "I awoke before three, and remained awake till I arose at eight. You did not once stir. And if you had, there is not a window in the whole upper story through which you could have observed anything you have described." Upon consideration, I was compelled to own that I had slept uninterruptedly, albeit I had told my little story in perfect good faith. This, I suppose, was mere brain-seeing, superinduced by the nerve-troubling noise of the starting wagon. But can the following instance of slumber-sight be passed over as easily:

In the early days of the city of Buffalo, as old residents have informed me, a lady dreamed one night that, out over the lake, she saw a man clinging to the mast of a burning vessel, and about to be enveloped with flame. Although his face, seen with startling distinctness, was wholly unfamiliar, the lady suffered much distress after awaking, convinced that she had witnessed in sleep a terrible calamity. The following day her husband, having transacted business with a stranger from the East, politely invited him home to supper. The wife instantly recognized in their guest the victim of the fiery ship, and upon his casually remarking that he was going further West, and must take the boat at a certain hour, she related her dream, and

with the utmost emphasis besought him to forego the voyage. He disregarded her warning; the vessel in which he embarked was burned, and he was last seen by some of the floating survivors clinging to the mast, and about to be hidden by the mounting flame.

This was not brain-seeing; it was far more than clairvoyance. No eyes, though composed of the very essence of matter, could perceive that which is not transpiring, nor ever transpired. Elemental forces never rehearse their dramas before the hour of public play. It may be that each floating particle in the universe has photographed over and over upon it the scenes through which it has revolved, and the clear-seeing mind may catch those infinitesimal pictures, and discriminate one from another; but to behold that which is yet to happen is simply superhuman.

And yet, prophetic vision is not very infrequent. I have known it to flash out upon trivial occasions, spontaneously portraying very insignificant happenings.

Once, while riding through a beautiful region visited for the first time, absorbed in the contemplation of a green valley into which I was descending, the figure of an unknown woman thrust itself before my inward vision. I noticed the very color and pattern of her print dress, the sleeves rolled back to the elbows, the left hand raised and resting upon an open door, the right hand upon the hip, one broken hook at the waist-belt, the loose neck-band, the broad, rosy face bent toward me, the large brown eyes fixed inquisitively upon mine; and as I returned her gaze (I seemed to do so, though the sight was not external) she smiled bashfully, drew back, and awkwardly retreated. "How wonderful the human brain is!" I remarked to my friend Margaret, who sat beside me. "Mine has just created a woman in a chocolate-colored calico stamped with little roses; and she simpered at me as if she actually existed." "Perhaps she does exist," said Margaret; "you may see her where you are going."

Five hours after, left alone in a little parlor, I heard a door open, and turning beheld the woman I had supposed but a construction of my brain. Dress, attitude, expression, feature, and action were as they had appeared to me, without the variation of a hair. Ordinary clairvoyance might have exhibited her to me, aided by mental sympathy, for she had been hanging about the house where I was expected the entire morning, bent on seeing "a woman who wrote books," but to behold the manner in which she would confront me five hours beyond the time of sight was surely, despite the absurdity of the incident, genuine prophetic vision, and, as such, entitled to my reverential consideration.

Children are not exempt from abnormal experiences. Little Beulah Mott, a three-year-old daughter of my grandfather, spent some hours one morning in play by a clear spring within range of her mother's glance. Entering the house at last she climbed her father's knee, and said earnestly: "Daddy, I have seen God; He is coming for me at two o'clock." "No, no!" said her father, somewhat startled; "daddy cannot let Beulah go. She is the light of his eyes." "But He will come," she persisted; "He said He would." Twenty minutes before the hour named she was laid down seemingly in healthful sleep. Ten minutes after two her mother, entering the room, turned to look at her and discovered that she was dead.

Was Beulah's small mind great enough to reach into the vast and formless future, foreshape the event, fore-cipher the hour, and fitting back to its mortal tenement, deliver its unearthly knowledge in forewarning

and farewell? Why, the most intricate mathematical calculations of a La Place, a Herschel or a Newton, measuring the spaces of the milky way, were as nothing to this! Or did that luminous odic force of Reichenbach's discovery, in preparation for final escape, withdraw itself from her tiny frame, expand, like the Genii, before her vision, a brilliant being realizing her infantile conception of Deity, until she fancied it floating away with a smiling promise of return to lead her also hence? But why two o'clock?

One might conjecture that Beulah had a double inheritance of "spiritual gifts," for her mother's Quaker faith had become submerged in ardent Methodism at a time when to be a Methodist signified to be rapt in devotion and rich in experience.

This consciousness of the presence of one not clothed in fleshly habiliments is quite frequent; but let us above all avoid hurrying to the conclusion that such impressions are trustworthy. At least one drug (quinine) is apt to excite the annoying sensation in the patient of being two persons; and as everyone knows, alcoholic, morphine and hasheesh poisonings often result in the wholesale manufacture of forms that seem terribly alive to the sufferer. Perhaps, also, should one hemisphere of the brain act but the fraction of an instant earlier than the other, the mind, conscious of movement, yet failing to comprehend its own thought, doubtless might easily suppose itself receptive of the suggestions of another. Moreover, if we be really subject to angelic visitations, it would degrade us as much to accept the fact on insufficient grounds as to persist in denying it in the face of sound evidence.

Still they who hold that there exists, unapparent to our material senses, a universe of which this visible one is but the type and evidence, an illimitable and (beyond question) beautiful gathering-place of resurrected souls, will admit that its supremely energetic forces act even upon us, who are not as yet discarnate. For since an infant, so far as the limit of its growth will allow, is subject to the identical laws that govern the adult of its kind, it seems clear reasoning from analogy that should an immortal life be nurtured within this mortal body, whatever divine agencies are to govern it hereafter will more or less strenuously govern it to-day.

We have seen that emotions and ideas first stirring in other minds may mysteriously penetrate our own; and I am prepared to state from an actual experience that under mesmeric influence one may retain perfect ordinary consciousness and yet behold appearances created by the imagination of the person influencing as clearly as if they were palpable shapes. May we not in the hereafter, by the law which enables a mesmerizer to sway his subject, convey thoughts, images and coherent messages to the minds of those whom we sympathetically affect, even though they be yet resident in the flesh? One who by the exercise of his will once caused me to behold a rising storm, a rush of raining clouds, a burst of sunshine, and a bright-hued rainbow, could as easily have presented to my view a dense forest, a coffin, a burning vessel, a man perishing in the flames. Being able to do this when hampered by an anatomical structure, could he not do even more if less encumbered—foresee an imminent event, perchance, and picture out its approach? How the splendor of an immortal life would be dimmed should we be deprived of any faculty once possessed! Rather may we not, while retaining every gathered power, rejoice to find within ourselves undreamed of energies and susceptibilities, sure to heighten every bliss of mutual recognition and intercommunication.

An intimate and honored friend of mine, in the time of the great rebellion, lay asleep one night in the open air, near a battlefield. Suddenly, loud and clear, through his slumber of exhaustion, rang, as he supposed, the voice of his brother Matt: "Lewis! Wake up!" He instantly awoke, and the first glance of his opening eyes revealed by moonlight the knife of an assassin about to be plunged into his breast. He clutched the lifted hand, wrested away the weapon, and hurling back his foe, left him to his own conscience.

Did "Matt" save the life of his brother Lewis? But "Matt" had himself escaped from all temporal dangers a year or two before.

What, then, shall we conclude? Did the soul of the slumberer—or that vivifying odic force, or aggregation of superlatively refined particles guessing itself to be a soul, alienated just then from his person and unable to follow its usual methods of procedure—act separately and independently, standing outside, shouting in his ear and feigning the voice of his vanished brother, the more surely to startle him awake? If that could be, then the deed of murder would merely have set Lewis permanently free to halloo in the ear of any other sleeper open to such psychological assault. And, to turn about, "Matt," being already free, and (as I know) a most loving and admiring brother, might as well have been on hand himself.

But, possibly, that cry: "Lewis! Wake up!" had really once been sounded loudly by the living "Matt," and had then not only awakened the dormant brain of his brother, but had registered itself within that living audiphone for convenient future reiteration. Wonderful voice! Marvelous instrument! Both so intelligently adjusting themselves to time and circumstance, so skilfully regulating vibratory speed and force as to send the reverberatory words leaping, full-volumed, into the sleeper's ear at the one vital instant when a murderer's weapon was pointed at his heart and no friendly arm was near to strike the blade aside!

"Great-grand-ma Hard," as her little descendants called her—a most estimable Presbyterian lady, who died in the town of Evans, Erie County, N. Y.—had become subject, about the age of thirty, to frequent and dangerous nightmares; nor had the difficulty any way lessened at the time of her husband's death, I think thirty-five years later. "Take great care of your mother," was his dying charge to his children. "Never allow her to lie out of the hearing of some light sleeper, one of yourselves if possible. Train yourselves to awake at the first groan. The instant you reach her, seize her hands and shout her name, 'Nancy!' very loudly; for only in that way can she be saved." Nor was the good man content to die until solemnly assured that all should be done as he desired—a promise sacredly kept.

But one day certain late acquaintances drove up to the house where Mrs. Hard resided with her daughter, and called upon her to make haste and go home with them for the night. In the flurry of preparation nothing was thought of her infirmity; and the house where she was entertained being very large, she was given a chamber remote from all other occupied rooms. I have so often heard Mrs. Hard relate what followed that I am able to give the story exactly in her own words:

"I had the nightmare that night—the worst attack I ever had. It lasted so long that I felt sure I was dying; when at last my husband stepped up to the bed, caught hold of both my wrists and shouted 'Nancy!' with all his might. And, while I was coming out of it, he said: 'Now, Nancy, I have done this to prove to

you that I can be with you and take care of you as well as ever I could. But you shall never have the nightmare again as long as you live.' No one need tell me," the lovely old lady invariably added, "that it was not my husband, for it was! I saw him and heard him, and felt his hands grip both my wrists; and, what is more, I have never had the nightmare from that day to this."

Nor did she have the nightmare ever again, though dying, almost a centenarian, twenty-five years, I think, after the memorable time of her release.

To see, to feel, to hear, to be rescued from peril

of death, to receive an unequivocal promise that a grievous malady, believed to be incurable, should thenceforth and for ever cease to afflict, to realize the verification of that promise to the victim's own lifelong comfort and her loving children's relief—can all this mean no more than optical illusion, aural deception, a confusion of the senses and a disorder of the imagination?

If so, let Nature, aiming to conduct us into our eternal graves, but mislead a little further in the blundering guidances, and we shall all some day stumble in among the gods!

DOROTHY FAIRFAX.

MR. BLAINE AND THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

If the Republican party seeks to commit *hari-kari*, the quickest and surest method for it to do so is by the nomination of James G. Blaine for the Presidency, and the next most speedy and effective method is to select some man whom he may name as a figure-head of an administration he shall in effect control. Some months ago it was given out as coming officially from Mr. Blaine that he would not be a candidate. Nobody attached any credence to the story. The only question of difference was as to what the report was intended to cover up. Some thought it meant one of those struggles for the Presidency which his Democratic counterpart, Mr. Tilden, has made famous under the name of a "still-hunt." Others thought that he desired to wait until the other candidates had gotten each other by the ears, and then appear suddenly on the scene as a white-plumed messenger of peace. The result has showed that both these estimates of his intention were true, and that in both respects he has been to a very great degree disappointed. No one believed in his sudden distaste for the place he had so long been fighting for, and no other candidates seemed inclined to get up a Kilkenny cat-fight for his benefit. So, even with all his shrewd planning, he is the first man to set his squadrons in the field and begin the fight. His followers have answered to the call with wonderful readiness, considering their previous disappointments, and the fact that, even if he were nominated, his election would be as hopeless an undertaking as an attempt to batter down Gibraltar with green peas. His disabilities as a candidate are radical and incurable.

In the first place, he is the incarnation of all the reprehensible elements of the Republican party. He is a politician in the low sense in which the term is used. To his mind statesmanship is synonymous with trickery. While this characteristic gives him great strength with the "heelers" and "strikers" who manipulate conventions, it is a source of incalculable weakness with the people, especially in a struggle so close and doubtful as the present one. If he were nominated, a great part of the liberal element of the party (except such portions of it as the Cornell faction of New York, whose sole object is the defeat of President Arthur) would swing over to the Democracy, should they happen to make a fair selection for a candidate.

In the second place, it should be remembered that Mr. Blaine has nothing of substantial strength in his own record with which to rally the disaffected or apathetic even of his own party. He was one of the few young men of his own party who, at the very climax

of his manhood, while enjoying the most robust physical health, was able to resist the infectious glow of patriotism during the nation's great ordeal. During that time, when even the plow-handles burned the clod-hopper's hands so that he was perforce compelled to drop them and catch up the musket, Mr. Blaine resolutely withheld the temptation to serve his country in the field, resisted the example of so many of his associates in the halls of Congress, and sedulously kept a soft seat warm and filled his purse by the opportunities which a period of war always offers to men of thrift, coolness, and sagacity.

In the third place, it should not be forgotten that his legislative record is of that questionable character which is the hardest of all things successfully to justify or defend. "Not proven" is unquestionably the public verdict in regard to the charges that have been made against him. Further than that no one can go. Even charity can offer no more tenable hypothesis in regard to them. Such a record is a poor bait to catch voters with, especially at a time when so many of the most sincere and reliable of those of his own party are nauseated at the alarming prevalence of disgusting political trickery. It is this fact, no doubt, that has made his workers so very anxious to associate Mr. Lincoln's name with that of the Maine statesman as the candidate for Vice-President. The fair, clean record of Robert Lincoln, united with his father's deathless fame, would make a magnificent cloak with which to hide the infirmities of the head of the ticket. The idea was a splendid one, and entirely worthy of the mind of Mr. Blaine, certainly one of the keenest and subtlest of the age.

Fourthly, the man who clamors for Mr. Blaine's nomination, even in the face of assured defeat, should not forget that the qualities of his mind, even admitting the immaculateness of his intentions, are the very ones best calculated to encourage doubt and uncertainty in regard to an administration controlled and directed by him. As one of the leading business men of this city, a Republican of the most honorable record, recently said of him, "One might as well attempt to calculate the course of a sky-rocket." That he would do brilliant things there is no room to doubt. His whole career has been pyrotechnic in its character. His chief object seems to have been to produce astonishment in the beholder. In this he has very generally succeeded. Even those who were unable to perceive any reason for the display have been compelled to admit the brilliancy of the coruscations attending the

climacteric. The attack upon the rebel brigadiers was even excelled in brilliancy by the magnificent audacity displayed before the Mulligan Committee, and the celebrated South American policy was itself fairly put in the shade by the series of veracious telegrams from the bedside of the stricken President. All these things, and many other events of his life, are of astounding brilliancy; but, unfortunately, they are not the material out of which the fabric of confidence is woven. Under Mr. Blaine's control, the Government would, no doubt, have a policy, but it would be a policy which no one could forecast, and of which every one would ask, "What next?"

It is perhaps fortunate that the necessities of Mr. Blaine's canvass have required him to antagonize two of his competitors in a manner that must assure him the active hostility of all their supporters. Neither the friends of President Arthur nor of General Logan can, with a shadow of respect for their favorites, under any circumstances lend themselves to the advancement of Mr. Blaine's hopes. Mr. Edmunds' supporters, by the very fact that they are such, are estopped not only from favoring the nomination of Mr. Blaine, but, in very many cases, from accepting him as a candidate. The friends of Mr. Lincoln would show little

appreciation of his merits by using him as a tail to a kite so full of holes as the one which is attached to the "Blaine boom," no matter how high it may seem to fly. Of it the proverb has always been peculiarly true "*Facile est decensus*," and never more so than to-day. An hour of gusty weather may suffice to bring it down worse shattered than ever.

The only chance for a possible vice-presidential combination, so far as now appears, is with ex-Governor "Charley" Foster of Ohio, Mr. Harrison, or Mr. Gresham of Indiana, or some unknown possibility of the Northwest. So far as can be seen none of these promise any tangible results. Blaine and Foster would be a very appropriate combination, but just at this time Mr. Blaine would hardly desire it. Mr. Harrison has twice had his fortunes wrecked by such an alliance. So that at present the outlook would seem to be Mr. Blaine against the field, without any reasonable opportunity for him to make a saving combination with any other candidate, and a probability so strong as almost to amount to certainty, of a union of all opposing forces against him.

It will be fortunate indeed for the Republican party, and, as we think, also for the nation, should this be the result.

EASTER MORNING.

I SEE the sculptured altar shine

With starry crowns of tropic bloom.
Through dusky aisles a breath divine
From hidden censer seems to rise
And float aloft to Paradise,
While silently, on bended knees,
Worship adoring devotees
After the Lenten gloom.

I hear the organ's thunder-peals,
And now the joyous anthem rings;
The heavenly solo gently steals
From that bewildering harmony,

And, like a silver melody,
From vaulted roof and blazoned walls
A sweet, celestial echo falls
While this fair herald sings.

God grant that all who watch to-day
Beside their sepulchres of loss
May find the great stone rolled away—
May see at last, with vision clear,
The shining angel standing near,
And through the dimly-lighted soul
Again may joy's evangel roll
The glory of the cross!

JULIA H. THAYER.

ONE LIFE WORK.

ONLY a fresh young daisy, wet with early morning dew,
Nodding its head so gayly, as the breezes o'er it blew;
Just opening into beauty—its petals snowy white—
Disclosing a heart of purest gold to one's admiring sight.
Its home was by a roadside, not far from a busy town,
And in wonder it watched the people passing up and
down;
But none marveled at our daisy, though it was so fresh
and fair,
For hundreds of others like it were growing everywhere.

Soon slowly down the roadway came a bonnie little maid
With an anxious face, but suddenly she toward our daisy
strayed,
And stooping, quickly plucked it, and blushing, murmured
a name,
While she pulled each petal, and whispered o'er and o'er
again:
"Loves me—loves me not—loves me"—the last petal
floats away,

Freeling the maid from her doubts through the rest of a
happy day.
Singing she goes up the roadway, joyous and gay as a
bird,
And I think a sweeter song was never by daisies heard.

Our daisy, shorn of its beauty, lies withering in the sun,
Alas! it was thrown aside to die; its life will soon be
done.
No more will it sway in the breezes, no more sparkle with
dew.
Oh, daisy, I wish a brighter lot might have fallen to you.
Perhaps it really was better than if you were blooming
now,
For you've had the joy of chasing the clouds from a
maiden's brow,
And filling one heart with sunshine all through a sum-
mer's day;
So rest in peace, my daisy, your life was not thrown
away.

EMELINE.

MIGMA.

The Presidential Problem.

THE fact that so little time intervenes before the meeting of the Republican National Convention, and that so little has yet been said or done in regard to the nomination by friends of various candidates, and that the same incertitude exists with regard to the candidates of the Democratic party, shows unmistakably that the conflict of the present year will be one of unprecedented heat and fury. Already, before it has begun, the two parties stand facing each other full of determination, but moving more cautiously than they have ever done before. Every member of either party knows that a fiercer struggle than has occurred since the memorable days of 1860 now impends. All the lesser elements of the past few years have been swallowed up. The little eddies of political thought, which constituted the so-called "Greenback" and "Labor" movements, and other hopeful vagaries that have sometimes been dignified with the name of parties, have all departed silently to the land of political oblivion. Even the temperance element, which, during the past two years, has threatened to become an important factor in national, as it has been in state, politics, has little if any show of recognition in this conflict. The two great parties are mustering all their forces for a struggle so evenly matched that the most daring gambler has not yet ventured to offer odds, or seek a wager upon either side. The quiet is that of the brewing storm—the calm that precedes the hurricane. It is not because the friends of rival candidates are dead or sleeping that the political pot does not boil with its accustomed energy. The adherents of Mr. Blaine are as active as they ever were. The friends of the President are not neglecting opportunities quietly to prepare the way for his re-nomination should it seem possible. Mr. Sherman's ambition is not dead, and the fact that the Porter bill has finally passed both Houses of Congress has by no means rendered General Logan an unimportant factor in the political outlook.

Neither are the people at all indifferent. There has, perhaps, never been a time in our political history when the question as to the nominees of the rival parties has awakened more intense interest in an average voter than to-day. The only difference is that the mention of the subject does not at once call forth, as it usually has done, the clamor of heated partisans. Whenever the question arises in those places where men most do congregate, each one gives an attentive ear to the speculations of others, but very few venture to utter a positive conviction. Each one recognizes that it is not a matter of personal choice or preference, but one of possible success. There are, doubtless, some who would be willing to risk anything to see their own special favorite receive the nomination. Sometimes this is the result of personal attachment, and in other cases it is the effect of a sort of loyalty to an established organization, the merit of whose success extends even to its humblest members. As a rule, however, the voters of both parties are waiting simply to make up their minds as to who is the strongest possible candidate they can select. Especially is this the case with the Republicans, whose area of assured strength has been vastly limited by the contingencies of the past few years. Its twenty-five years of power have raised up against it two very potent enemies.

First—Its natural and inherent foe, the Democracy, which has been strengthened year by year by the falling off of disappointed members of the Republican organization—the sore-heads and malcontents of every state, and district, and county—who, because their own pet schemes and personal ambitions could not be made a part of Republican success, became its most virulent enemies. This is the natural history of every party that is long in power. Among those who thus sever their relations with the dominant political organization are frequently some of its best, and always some of its most active, members. As a rule the desertion of such, simply tends to unite the old guard more closely to each other, and, as each new defection is overcome and success still crowns the parent organization in its great conflicts with the party, they are apt to grow careless of the wishes of individual members, and reckless of the consequences of disaffection within the ranks. Fortunately for the Republican party of to-day, it has lately been taught some harsh but effective lessons. A man who in 1880 had led the Republican phalanx in New York, in 1882 was buried beneath an avalanche of indignant opposition never before equaled. A vast proportion of those men who were willing to bury their party to rebuke what they believed to be the improper action of the national executive, were as staunch adherents as the Republican party had ever known. Many of them, no doubt, especially such as were likely to become the figure-heads of the new organization, were instigated by motives of personal hostility, or individual aggrandisement. Very many of the most active leaders of the so-called liberal wing undoubtedly acted with them, in order to strike President Arthur through Mr. Folger.

There were others who anticipated that with the defeat of the Republicans, in 1882, would spring up a new organization, either by the change of subordinate leaders and the establishment of a new party management within the state, or by a disruption not unlike that to which the Democratic party was exposed after its long lease of power, before the days of the Barn-Burners, Loco-focos, and other quaintly named factions of the Van Buren era. For a time this seemed very likely to occur. But the essential lack of harmony between the various elements of the disaffected faction, as well a sort of terror at the magnitude of the result which they had helped to achieve, deferred the organization of the liberal faction into any compact and manageable body until it was too late to render it effective. Those who participated in it remained therefore simply members of the Republican organization. Their influences upon the action of that party must be exerted like that of other individual members in shaping and directing the sentiment and action of that party. As a political factor, it can be counted on with certainty to accomplish only one thing. In case of the nomination of President Arthur, it will do all in its power to compass his defeat, and this not so much from any real hostility which they now have against him, nor because of any lack of appreciation of the success of his administration, but because, having once committed themselves by an act of desperately vengeful character to hostility to his wishes and inclinations, they are naturally and almost irresistibly impelled by a feeling of consistency and self-respect to continue that opposition. Men may change their party allegiance, life-long hostilities may

be laid aside, but it is rarely, indeed, that specific opposition to an individual leader, once given expression by a faction of his own party, can ever afterward be healed.

While there is no desire on the part of the liberal element of New York, as a whole, to deny to President Arthur the praise that is rightfully his due for an administration in the main entirely creditable to the party which he represents; and while there is no doubt that his strength, among what are termed the purely business elements of the city and the state generally, is very considerable, yet one of the factors of the impending struggle, to which no sensible man can close his eyes, is the indubitable truth, that, in case of his nomination, a considerable portion of the Republican party in the State of New York would be rendered at least apathetic, and the nomination of the proper candidate by the Democracy would in many cases transform them at once into the most active and vigorous foes.

* * *

A PARTY which is long in power, especially composed of aggressive elements and representing by the mere character of its organization the most advanced ideas of national development, not unfrequently becomes its own worst enemy by the mere fact of its continued success. Take, for instance, the Republican party. Ever since 1860 it has been in control of the national administration, and for the greater portion of that time has wielded the power of both Houses of Congress and the majority of the state governments. The whole battle may be said to have been fought upon the same lines of thought. The idea which gave it birth was one of such potency that its inspiration has thrilled every heart that has come within its influence since that time. It has been the mantle which has covered many sins. Men have held their peace and given, year after year, their adherence to its candidates because of the glorious memories that it represents and the great principles from which it sprung, the fruits of which have not yet been fully garnered. In every state and county and township throughout the whole land there has grown up by the action of natural causes an old guard who represent not only to themselves, but to their neighbors, the Republican element and organization in that community. They have grown gray and venerable in the service. They carry with them traditions of the grand old days of the organization of the Republican party, of the leadership of Lincoln and of that strange experiment the "Free Soil" party, which was Whig in one state and Democratic in another, just as opportunity to gain power might dictate. The fact that hardly any new issues have arisen to cause very widespread defection has given to the Republican party a uniformity of organization which is somewhat remarkable. The young men who have grown up in it have simply filled their fathers' places. The older men have almost always been in the lead. They have not only been the advisers but the representatives of that party in the vicinage where they lived. Fortunately for the Republicans, the Democracy has been so greatly in the minority and has clung so tenaciously to the old lines of thought that the younger element has not generally been attracted to its ranks. The result of this has been that the young men of both parties at the present time are found to be lacking in loyalty and enthusiasm. Not only are the leaders of both parties men who represent the thought of a quarter of a century ago, but they are men whose achievements are of the past rather than of the

present, and whose prospective action is likely to be a duplication of yesterday rather than a new to-morrow. The leaders of both parties and the existent organizations of both parties are not of the character to hold the best and freshest thought in the struggle that impends. That party is most likely to succeed which offers the freshest possibilities for the future without any abandonment of the principles which have controlled its specific action in the past. While it is unquestionable that new ideas and new opportunities and new men must be given a place in the Republican programme of to-day, yet it is equally true that the party cannot afford either to cast aside or antagonize any of the established principles that have controlled its action in the past. The new thoughts and the new possibilities which it offers must be *exactly in the line of its old traditions*. The new men which it must bring to the front must be such as can extend their hands to the youngest generation of voters, warm and throbbing with new life and hope, and yet having behind them the strongest possible guarantees that the inspiration of the past will not be forgotten, but will only be carried on to a completer fulfilment. The nomination of any old party leader by the Republicans for this very reason is likely to be the signal for defeat. Not only has every well-known leader certain active and malevolent enemies, but he has also a much greater disadvantage to encounter in the fact that his nomination would afford no opening for new thought and fresh endeavor to charm the mind of the party neophyte. His success would be simply the accession of a new "boss"—the putting of a new name at the head of the established political machine. It would be no change of method or instrument, no offer of fresh opportunity, but simply the continuance in power and prominence of the same squad of veteran political workers at every cross-road throughout the country, who have shouted themselves hoarse for a generation, and who cannot imagine that anything new is needed to win fresh recruits. It is an essential of Republican success, therefore, that its Presidential nominee should be a man not identified with the old organization, to the exclusion of new men and new impulses. This is not said with any disrespect for the old guard. They constitute, of course, the phalanx around which the new must forever be formed. The tradition of their glory is the nucleus upon which all future movements must be shaped. When the advance is made they must give the alignment. Yet, any such iron-bound adherence to their old-time favorites as shall damp the ardor of their sons—as shall prevent the party from receiving its due proportion of the young men of the North—any such action upon their part will be suicidal. The force of this element was largely felt in the election of General Garfield. While not so much a young man, he was a *new* name in the Presidential arena. Linked to the past by long and noble service, he attracted to himself the enthusiastic devotion of those men to whom Republicanism for a generation had been a worshiped ideal. The memories of the war, and even of those prior conflicts which paved the way for the triumph of Republican ideas, lived in his life and made him a fit leader for the veteran phalanx. But beyond all this, and quite as potent as this in its influence upon the election, was the fact that he held forth to the young of the country the hope of new things. He was not merely the incarnation of the past. He had not reached that stage of political manhood in which thought becomes inflexible and the shape and

form of every idea is fixed and permanent. Garfield was something new. His name signified a young Republicanism that, without any disregard for the old, should face to the front rather than to the rear. He looked toward the rising sun. The man who was leisurely passing down the hill of life to his political grave gave to him cheerfully and heartily the aid of his counsel and influence. He who was just starting up the ladder of political preferment looked to him as a beacon of hope. The young men who had tired of the story of victory achieved, who had begun to turn with something of disrelish from the oft-repeated story of struggle and triumph in the past, looked to this new man, this fresh competitor as representing something in the same line of thought, but full of new significance and offering to them the charm of future struggle, new triumphs and fresh opportunity. It was this idea a thousand times more than any use or misuse of funds that swept Indiana into the Republican phalanx again under the lead of Garfield. It was this that foiled the schemes of those who put forth the Morey letter in the very crucial hour of the conflict. It was the attachment, the devotion, the enthusiasm of the young men that swept the Republican banner on to victory in 1860. To disregard this fact, to put an old party hack in the lead, to adopt as its standard-bearer a man whose political life is rounded and finished, who appeals only to yesterday rather than to to-morrow, would be to abandon all the chances of success and to invite assured defeat.

**

It is this very sentiment that constitutes the strength of both the Democratic leaders who are most likely to receive the nomination, Henry B. Paine and Grover Cleveland. Neither are young men but they mean new things. Nobody on earth could guess what their administration would be like, but almost every one is thoroughly satisfied that they would be altogether unlike an administration which such men as Tilden or Hancock, McDonald or Thurman would be likely to give the country. It might not be better; it might embody the same general political ideas, but it would be composed of new men and fresh elements, perhaps unheard of impulses, and would be most likely to point in some new direction and open up some new field of political adventure. The nomination of either of these men would be an evident bid for defection from existing political parties. Men whose hope of preferment had grown dim by long delay would see, or think they saw, in such nomination the hope of success for which they had long waited. New adventurers in the political field, soldiers of fortune waiting for the opportunity that should bring them place and preferment, would flock by thousands to the standard of such a Democratic leader, unless this influence were counterbalanced by a like opportunity in the Republican party. These principles of human nature shape in a greater or less degree the results of all political movements. They are beyond the control of caucuses, conventions, political managers or any of the extraneous influences which go to make up the ordinary estimate of political elements. They are the underlying ideas which take hold of the life of every constituent community, and in their silent workings do more to shape the results of every political campaign than any possible combination of political leaders can. In fact, in the Republican party the so-called leader is a most unimportant factor unless he represents every element of his party. No man can hold or transfer the al-

legiance of any considerable portion of its voters at his mere wish. His name may serve to awaken enthusiasm, his record may be interwoven with its brightest glories, he may be venerated by a very large proportion of the rank and file of the party, yet the very moment a suspicion is entertained that he is lending his favor to promote the purposes of another, that very instant he becomes not only powerless, but an actual incumbrance. It is for these reasons, too, that the Republican National Convention always follows instead of leading public sentiment. The readiness of that party to rebel against the dictation of leaders and its restiveness under control, make it necessary that the one great question which its assembled delegates shall ask themselves should be not *whom do we prefer*, but who is *able to command the united and enthusiastic support* of this wonderfully, varied and inherently insubordinate following. The demand for success becomes, as it should be, the rule that governs their conduct. In 1860 four-fifths of the convention that assembled at Chicago desired the nomination of some other man than Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. Seward and Chase and a half-dozen others, almost equally prominent as leaders of anti-slavery thought, were in the hearts and minds of the whole people who looked forward to the candidacy of one or the other of them with hardly a feeling of doubt. As the time for the convention drew near there came over the minds of many a doubt as to the success of either of these candidates. So desperately were their followers attached each to his own particular champion, that doubt continued to grow as to whether any one of them could muster the whole in battle array against the Democracy. When the convention met, this fact began to impress itself upon the delegates. Little by little it became evident that some other man, not only one who had not mingled in the antecedent conflict, but one who was not regarded as a sworn follower of either of these great chieftains, must be put forward if the whole anti-slavery vote of the country was to be mustered to the fight. In 1864 it was in answer to the recognized, almost universal public demand, that the nomination was given to Mr. Lincoln. In 1868 it is not probable that one-fourth of the recognized political workers of the Republican party were in favor of the nomination of General Grant, but the universal feeling that he was the strongest man that could be offered, made his nomination indubitable from the day his name was first mentioned. In 1872 the apprehension universally felt in regard to Mr. Greeley's disaffection made the re-nomination of Grant a necessity. In 1876 Mr. Hayes was nominated, simply and solely because of the universal conviction on the part of the delegates that the hostility existing between the adherents of all those who had been prominent in the political conflicts of the past few years made it impossible that *any one* of them should receive a hearty and unanimous support of the party. In 1880, as every one remembers, the same was true of the nomination of General Garfield, backed up and confirmed, in this case, however, by a singularly clear and strong record of personal merit, and the almost unanimous desire to get outside of the old factional lines. These parallels are certain to repeat themselves this year—all the more certain because the conflict will be closer and the peril greater. The man who will be nominated will be a man riveted to the traditions of the Republican party by links of steel. All that was good in the past will be resplendently reflected in his name and person. He will reach out also a welcoming hand to the present, and will face the future with the guarantee of patriotism and sincerity, without

any of the disadvantages of an established political following and free from the antipathies of factional conflict.

**

A JOURNAL which is especially noted for its inability to say anything exactly good of anybody outside its own organization, declares that "The fact that Robert T. Lincoln is the son of Abraham Lincoln would be a positive injury to him in a Presidential campaign." If the hour has come when the American people are ready to pay the debt of gratitude they owe the father by making war upon the son, it is high time that the world was made aware of that fact. While it is no doubt true that no father's name is sufficient to enable a son to achieve success as a candidate before the people of the United States, it is not true but infamously false—so false, that no one but an insane slanderer of all things American could have uttered the thought—that a worthy son is not credited in our popular thought with the inherited virtues, and the balance of public gratitude standing to his father's credit in the memory of a free people. To be a son of Abraham Lincoln is not sufficient to give a man a claim to any public position. To be the modest, deserving and patriotic and capable son of the most beloved of all our public men is to open to him in advance the hearts of all our people, to give him the warm wishes of every patriot, and to secure the universal reprobation of every one who would malign the son because of his kinship with the father. The American people have not yet forgotten the malignant aspersions of the father's name. The years that have intervened have only magnified his greatness, and brought nearer to the universal heart the immeasurable debt we owe his memory. When a great man's son is unworthy of his high descent we pity him, and the memory of his father's merit serves only to shield his son's deficiency ; but when that son has shown himself in all things worthy and meritorious—capable of performing any duty that is devolved upon him—self-controlling, earnest, modest, unassuming, then the father's name becomes a prophet's mantle that falls upon his shoulders, enveloping him with its glory, and entitling him to wear its honors before the world. Such is Robert T. Lincoln. A cultured man, a patriotic soldier, an unpretentious citizen, a self-poised man of tact and power. So independent that he has never attached himself to any machine. So self-reliant that he belongs to no faction. So full of tact that in the midst of dissension he has made no enemies. He is a man with an honorable past, an unblemished present, and a future rich in its promise of good works. If chosen to the Presidency, he will come to the discharge of its duties unhampered by any errors in the past, without having given bonds to any clique, without any lien upon his good will, or any long-established and ineffaceable hostilities. The South would welcome his election as an opportunity to show how much it has forgotten. The North, as enabling them to show the world how well they can remember.

**

THERE is a very widespread conviction among almost all classes of people that the different departments at Washington are very largely run, not upon the principles of business or justice, but favor. Of late there has been a great deal of clamor and indignation manifested against certain parties who have held themselves forth by public advertisement as able to give certain special advantages to clients because of their connections with the authorities of a certain branch of the government.

The head of the pension bureau has very properly and very justly visited condign punishment upon these parties. They have also been made the subject of criminal investigation before the courts of the District of Columbia. All this is very proper. It is but just that any person, holding himself out as especially favored by any department of the government, should be punished for it as a swindler. Nothing tends more to belittle and degrade our executive departments in the eyes of the people than this widespread and almost universal idea that not any regular forms of procedure, but only special favor and the influence of certain pet practitioners is of value in ordinary transactions before them. While no person of intelligence believes that such is the case, yet it must be admitted that there are some things which seem to indicate a sort of confidential relation either between the heads or tails of some of these departments, and specific individuals among the horde of department practitioners, as they term themselves, who crowd the halls and lobbies, and infest the streets of Washington. During the past month it has been the writer's good fortune to be aware of three instances, from two different bureaus, in which business claims pending before those bureaus, having regularly constituted attorneys of record, or else being prosecuted by the claimants themselves, had received the check of an adverse decision upon some matter of form only. Within three days thereafter the parties in interest in each case received the card of a well-known claim practitioner in the city of Washington setting forth his ability to straighten out all entangling knots in the cases. Perhaps the most striking thing about this matter is that in all of these cases the party in interest was not the party of record, and the fact that he was a party in interest could only have been ascertained by knowledge of the contents of letters directed to the commissioner. No order was made in his name, no act of record referred to him at all, but straight upon the heels of an adverse decision came to him this advertising card of an inside favored practitioner. It is not probable that the head of that office informed the practitioner of the facts, but some one of his clerks unquestionably did. Here is work for the Civil Service Commission, work that counts in the line of actual reform ; work that cannot be shirked through a competitive examination, but that means purification of the service ; work that ought to be done, and done at once. The executive departments of our government can never keep the respect of our people, can never be regarded as honorable and just tribunals as long as a set of beggarly pettifoggers, legal Fagins, and dead beats of a more or less contemptible character are allowed to have the run of the Commissioner's letter-file day after day for the purpose of lining their pockets by means of the knowledge thus acquired. That such facts exist every one that ever had a particle of business with the departments knows full well. That such harpies do not get their prey for nothing everybody believes. Perhaps nobody suspects, at least to any very great degree, the honor and uprightness of the Commissioners themselves, yet every one knows that if they desire to do so they would soon be able to detect the defects, and until the heads of such leaky clerks are cut off, the honor and integrity of the Commissioners of the various bureaus are naturally and rightfully at the mercy of public rumor. The representations made by the attorney may be, and perhaps in most cases are, utterly without foundation, yet the fact that that man is apparently privy counselor of the department, the fact that he has access to the letter-file of the Commissioner, the fact that he

knows what is not on record in the different cases in that department—that fact produces a conviction which it is almost impossible to eliminate from the mind that the claim of peculiar influence is not without foundation. If our Civil Service Commissioners could be given control over just such acts as these they would not fail to reform our Civil Service at vastly more rapid rate and far more effectively than by merely selecting the men who shall, year after year, be corrupted by the long-established vicious customs of the department.

**

ONE of the leading dailies of New York said in a recent issue :

"Do those gentlemen who are boasting of having 'knived' Judge Folger for the purpose of reaching and injuring President Arthur, and who are now declaring their intention of kniving President Arthur in case he should be nominated, do these gentlemen realize that the friends of President Arthur have knives of their own and know how to use them?"

The idea is one which has probably occurred to a good many people. It reminds us of an incident that once occurred in a little Southern town. A very contented specimen of the African man and brother was riding a mule along the middle of the dusty street. It was a hot afternoon. The rider's head swayed dreamily from side to side; the mule was quietly whisking the flies from his ears. A gentleman sitting upon a piazza at the roadside happened to change ends with the newspaper in his hand. In the twinkling of an eye the colored brother was sitting in the middle of the street and the mule working his passage homeward a block away. Sambo rubbed the sand out of his eyes, looked toward the departing mule, and said, remonstrantly : "Thar, now, it's jest sech things as that makes me say what I do about a mule." So it is just such utterances as those of our neighbor that make us say what we have said repeatedly about the whole swarm of old competitors and established factional leaders of the Republican party. Every one of them has friends, and their friends carry knives, and scalping is very much in fashion. There are undoubtedly ten or twenty thousand men in the state of New York who, out of the mere idea of being consistent with themselves, and for the purpose of showing that they could do it, would take the utmost delight in kniving President Arthur if he were the candidate of their party. There are quite as many more who would use a like delicate instrument in the investigation of the intercostal integuments of Mr. Blaine. General Logan would find a good many hunting for the soft place in his thorax. In fact, the Republican party, if it expects success, must present a man against whom there is neither inclination nor opportunity for the use of these pet knives which the friends of all the old leaders carry about with them and keep so carefully sharpened. We cannot afford to allow any member of any faction the luxury of kniving the favorite of another.

**

OUR rollicking contemporary, *Puck*, always well abreast with the tide of public opinion, and often in advance of it, publishes a large cartoon in which it caricatures the leading Republican candidates for the Presidential nomination as engaged in a game of leap-frog. The players are jumping at a goal marked "The Nomination," and the one who bids fair to make the successful leap is labeled "Lincoln." The verses which accompany the cartoon are given in "Lighter Vein" in the present number of *THE CONTINENT*.



MR. PERKINS has long been a recognized authority on Italian art, and his present work¹ covers ground, which, while in some sense familiar, is made far more so by the admirable manner in which the story is told. Beginning with the lowest ebb in plastic art, the volume ends with the sixteenth century, and the preface gives more clearly than prefaces of the present day usually do the author's view of the period chosen. He contradicts the notion generally entertained that Catholicism has been the foster-mother of the highest art, and proves clearly that, at the era the church had most entire sway, art had declined till well nigh extinct:

"Varying between Byzantinism, which regulated all forms of art, by strictly conventional rules, and mediævalism, which regarded them solely as a means of conveying doctrinal instruction through symbolic or direct representation, sculpture in Italy had dragged out a feeble existence for many centuries before the year 1000 (when the end of the world was confidently expected), and had then almost ceased to be. As the dreaded moment approached men only thought of how they could save their souls or drown their anxieties, and not until it had passed did they breathe freely enough to occupy themselves with life and its activities."

Once relieved from pressure, art again began to take its natural position, but the partial mental emancipation that had taken place was not strong enough to make possible any revival of the antique spirit. On the contrary, the church had dominated mental tendencies too long not to have work flow naturally in the channels she had made, and thus new churches were the natural expression of the art feeling.

The author makes a good distinction, in his account of sculpture, as to its nature, which is characteristic of his method throughout :

"We use the word *sculpture*, which implies technical and æsthetic training, instead of *stone-carving*, which more properly expresses the nature of much of the work which we are to consider, simply because it is a more convenient form of speech, and not as implying artistic excellence in Italian works of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Their makers, who modestly styled themselves 'Maestri di Pietra,' i. e., stone-cutters, and 'arte marmoris periti,' men skilled in marble-work, then first began to sign their works, and to be lauded in fulsome inscriptions, which, while they show that art was held in esteem, also prove the low standard of an age when the clumsiest workmen were looked upon as prodigies of genius."

The introduction gives a compact and well-digested presentation of all the essential facts up to the opening of the thirteenth century, at which time the revival may be said to have really begun, the life of Niccola Pisano holding the first effective work of the Renaissance. "For our own part," writes Mr. Perkins, "we have no hesitation in leaving this well-accredited honor (that of giving birth to this revival) to Tuscany, for only there are to be found those works of the twelfth century which announce its approach, together with those of the thirteenth, in which it reveals itself." Pisano, though the founder and leader of a school,

(1) HISTORICAL HANDBOOK OF ITALIAN SCULPTURE. By Charles C. Perkins, Corresponding Member of the French Institute, Author of "Tuscan Sculptors, etc." 8vo, pp. 432, \$4.00; Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

represented the actual state of art development in his time, and the fact that he left no equally distinctive worker among his pupils is explained by Mr. Perkins:

"It seems at first sight strange that an artist of such extraordinary genius as Niccola Pisano should not have formed scholars content to repeat his types and work in his spirit; but we understand the reason when we look at the eclectic character of his work, and consider the unsettled state of men's minds about art at this time. To shape others, a man must himself have definite ideas, and these Niccola had not."

This, however, cannot rank as an objection. A more limited type of mind than Pisano's would have impressed itself more strongly on his pupils, but his methods and tastes were Catholic, and he molded without much reference to his own special theories, accepting the best in every school. "He gave the death-blow to Byzantinism and barbarism, established new architectural principles, opened men's eyes to the degraded state of art by showing them where to study, and founded a new school of sculpture in Italy. . . . He held the same relation to Italian art which Dante held to Italian literature, and was a truly great man whose claims to remembrance will never be forgotten." It would be a pleasant task to follow the course of Mr. Perkins' narrative, which closes with the year 1600, when Italian sculptors had once more become merely "stone-cutters," and the reader will find full repayment for the careful reading which the book deserves and demands. The illustrations, by no means so well printed as the work of the Scribner's in general, are the least attractive part of the volume, which is one of the most interesting and valuable of recent additions to the literature of art.

IN judging a biography or a biographer, the limitation of material must be considered. If Miss Zimmern's work, in the "Famous Women Series,"⁽¹⁾ is less interesting than Miss Thomas's or Miss Robinson's, it is to be remembered that Miss Edgeworth is a less interesting, certainly less picturesque, subject than George Sand or Emily Brontë. And it may with all justice be said that, considering her material, Miss Zimmern has made a readable and attractive volume—certain new and most entertaining letters enabling her to fulfill that highest requisite of a biography, that it shall make us like the subject of it better than we did before. Nor do we wish to disparage this dependence upon slight material; rather do we quite agree with the author when she asks: "Is not the story of so loving and lovable a life worth telling?" although Miss Edgeworth herself said humbly, when asked to contribute a biographical preface to her novels: "As a woman, my life, wholly domestic, cannot afford anything interesting to the public; I am like the 'needy knife-grinder'—I have no story to tell." In these days, when, if we are to believe contemporary fiction—which, by the way, we are not—that half of the world which is not busied with pitying itself is occupied with pitying the other half, the lives of any people who have the genius to love each other are worth commemorating, and it is well known that in the Edgeworth family even stepmothers were received with effusion, and loved with unfaltering affection. Nor would we disparage the sort of literary gratitude which, so far from being a lively sense of favors to come, does not even hope to awaken interest

in the present, being merely a graceful recognition of what was good work in its day. Miss Zimmern has given an exceedingly just estimate of Miss Edgeworth's work; she does not expect to resuscitate it; she recognizes that even in her own time Miss Edgeworth was weighed down by her desire for a moral, and that she did not write from the inner promptings of genius, but because her father had suggested it and it would please him; Miss Zimmern, however, reminds us that it is no small honor to have inaugurated the novel with a purpose at a time when novels had been written almost exclusively by men for men, and were of a grossness that gradually repelled the finer instincts of even the men. It is always to be remembered also, that if Miss Edgeworth was not great, she made no pretension; "to blame her therefore for being utilitarian in her aim, is to blame her for having attained her goal." Perhaps the best criticism ever given on the kind of work which Miss Edgeworth did, and the reasons for its failing to appeal to us any longer, is that quoted by Miss Zimmern from Miss Kavanagh: "Life is more mysterious than Miss Edgeworth has made it appear."

TENNYSON'S dislike to any personal mention in public prints is known everywhere, and thus the severely snubbed person who sent him a notice of this description has no occasion for surprise at the following reply: "Lord Tennyson is much obliged to Mr. Henry Romeike for his inclosure, but such notices do not interest him; so he begs Mr. Romeike not to take the trouble of sending him any more."

IN the first instalment of the memoirs published in the *Gartenlaube*, Heine, if it is Heine who writes them, gives an amusing account of his sufferings from the attempt of his teacher, Abbé Daunoi, to initiate him into the art of writing French verses (he broke out into open rebellion when he was set to turn Klopstock's "Messiah" into alexandrines); of his mother's ambitious dreams for him; and of the three years he spent on the study of the *Corpus Juris*, "die Bibel des Egoismus," at Bonn.

FOR the many who have grown weary of the conventional Easter card, a substitute may be found in the beautifully printed Easter leaflets, lightly held together by a silken cord, or tied with ribbon. Two of these—"As at This Time," "A Holy Week and Easter Musing," and "Christus," are published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co. (75 cents each). While a third, with fringed and illuminated cover, "Easter Flowers," comes from White, Stokes & Allen, and is one of the most charming of the more conventional forms; \$1.50.

FAMOUS libraries are being scattered, that of the well-known Francis Bedford, of London, having been catalogued for sale in May. "Among the numerous rarities included in the collection will be found copies of the 'Breeches' and 'Unrighteous' Bibles, and of Gyraldi Cinthio's excessively rare 'Hecatommithi.' About 2,800 volumes are of the collector's own binding, the finest example of the bibliophilic art being the two volumes of Rogers's 'Italy,' which have several times figured at international exhibitions. The sale will last over five days."

IN a recently published letter, Gustave Flaubert, the founder of the French school of Naturalism, insists that the mission of art is to paint—not exceptions, whether monsters or heroes, but things as they are: "I limit myself," he wrote in a letter recently published, "to the representation of things as they appear to me—to the expression of what seems to me true. I will have neither love, nor hatred, nor pity, nor anger. As for sympathy, that is a different matter; one can never have

(1) MARIA EDGEWORTH. By Helen Zimmern. "Famous Women Series." Boston, 16mo, pp. 306, \$1; Roberts Brothers.

too much. Is it not time to introduce justice into art? This done, and the impartiality of art shall give it the majesty of law and the precision of science."

THE picture that we have already in mind of the young queen of Roumania—beautiful, accomplished and good, and withal heavily visited by sorrow—leads us to receive her little book, "Pilgrim Sorrow," with interest and respect. Certainly, only a queen could tempt us in these days to read allegory, and this form of writing at the present time can hardly fail to be a mistake; but the little stories are simple and unpretentious, and not entirely destitute of literary art. It is not surprising that they should be sad, and the last of them, called "A Life," is evidently suggested by her own life. The book is beautifully issued. (16mo. pp. 262, \$1.25; Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

"ELECTRICITY, Magnetism, and Electric Telegraphy," is the title of a work by Thomas D. Lockwood, designed to afford authoritative information on all matters connected with that marvelous network of wires by whose aid the world's business is transacted. The work is conveniently arranged in the shape of question and answer, to the number of about three hundred, beginning with the very puzzling query: "What is Electricity?" A general index renders any subject, or any special question with its appropriate answer, easily accessible, and every telegrapher who takes an intelligent interest in his profession, beyond its mere mechanical details, will find the work a most convenient hand-book. (\$2.00; D. Van Nostrand & Co., N. Y.)

AMONG the multitude of new periodicals, both of foreign and home origin, appears an English one with the peculiar title of "The Century Guild Hobby Horse." Its projectors announce that they "desire to give in some form, other than that of our special craft, articulate and permanent expression to what seem to us some of the finer pulsations and choicer impulses of modern life, as felt throbbing through the artistic world in which we chance to live. . . . Our single intention is sufficient security against commission of the commoner literary offences inevitably following a system of publication that makes literature but a creature of commerce, made for a market, cried at the corners and bought to satiate a hunger that habits of chronic greed have rendered tasteless."

Mrs. CHENEY'S "Young Folk's History of the Civil War" is, on the whole, an admirable account of the situation; adapted to young people, yet interesting to the oldest and best informed in recalling vividly, because always simply and briefly, the great events of the national trial. Such a book, compiled as it must have been from many different sources, is, of course, liable to mistake, and we have seen a navy officer smile as he read in the account of Farragut's attack on New Orleans that the flagship was followed by *seven* other vessels, which would have been nearer the truth, he said, if mentioned as seventy; but the general picture of the war is certainly a truthful and striking one, especially to be commended for the spirit in which the "rebels" are considered, not as enemies, but mistaken brothers. The book needs an index badly, especially as the titles of the chapters are of literary rather than historical suggestiveness, and although it is advertised as "fully illustrated," the illustrations are none of them of much value, and some are exceedingly foolish. (16mo. pp. 544, \$1.50; Estes & Lauriat, Boston.)

MR. SMALLEY writes in a recent letter:

"One of the three current English editions of Emerson's works (Macmillan's, 6 vols., crown 8vo), is now completed by the publication of the first volume containing the 'Miscellanies,' and the promised preface by Mr. John Morley. The loyalty of Boston—perhaps the more fervent because it came late—which revolted from the critical estimate of Emerson by Mr. Matthew

Arnold, will not accept Mr. Morley's as an adequate account of Emerson's position and influence. Yet he concludes by declaring that 'when all deductions have been made and amply allowed for, Emerson remains among the most persuasive and inspiring of those who by word and example rebuke our despondency, purify our sight, awaken us from the deadening slumbers of convention and conformity, exercise the pestering ills of vanity, and lift men up from low thoughts and sullen words of helplessness and impiety.'

The popular notion that any one of fair education may become a journalist is dispelled by Mr. George Augustus Sala, who has lately described the day of a busy editor, who must "shun delights and know laborious days," all accepted theories to the contrary notwithstanding. The *Saturday Review*, in commenting on the picture, sums up the actual outlook for aspirants in that direction as follows:

"There is the calling, such as it is. It 'does not lead to anything in particular' (except to a congested liver and a lunatic asylum), 'and it is poorly remunerated.' But at the bottom of Pandora's box remains this good thing: 'It is certainly a most amusing trade,' although, Mr. Sala says, 'the journalist must work on Sunday.' Thus the newspaper man may cry, like Dangle in the *Critic*, 'it's plaguey, but it's pleasant too.' The trade may be amusing when an amusing writer piles it; but in too many cases it is both dull and the cause of dullness in others. Such as it is, the trade which is ill paid, leads to nothing, and demands the life of a Benedictine monk, is much coveted by people who do not bring to the business one single necessary quality. These people are the chief of all the bores who haunt the journalist."

AN infant of our acquaintance recently objected to our spelling of the word "eye" that it did not spell two eyes, and that he had two. Mr. Warner, in his "A Roundabout Journey" has brought back with him from Europe "the harvest of a quiet eye" in pleasant and accurate description, but we miss the "inward eye" that saw so much that was not there in his own garden or his own library. Mr. Warner has two eyes, and we feel aggrieved if he does not give us what he sees with both. To be sure, the wise Emerson has said that we can only find in Europe what we carry there, and Mr. Warner could not be expected to carry with him his strawberry bed or the backlog of his hearth; yet we have become so accustomed in him to a humor as graceful and intellectual as it is funny, that the "Roundabout Journey," with merely occasional scintillations of brightness, seems just a little dull. It is his own fault if we remind him of the butler who said to a famous diner-out, "Please, sir, Mrs. B—wants to know if you won't please begin to be funny, sir." We can understand the desire of a man to be liked for something besides his ability to make people laugh; but pure information after delightful humor is like meat after dessert, our appetite has been spoiled. (12mo, pp. 360, \$1.50; Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

ELECTRICITY, in its various forms of application to the arts, sciences, commerce, and the less high-sounding but perhaps more important spheres of every-day life, has called into existence a new profession. Electricians are already a guild by themselves, and electrical engineering is recognized as a branch of technical education whose importance must increase with every step made in our knowledge of electricity—that noble fluid which now lights many of our streets and houses, and which will soon carry us on our journeys faster and more safely than steam does now. Lieut. Bradley A. Fiske, of the navy, is already known to our readers from a description of the different kinds of electric lights published in THE CONTINENT a few months ago. This was probably the most popular account ever published, describing, as it did, in easily understood terms, the radical differences between "arc" and "incandescent" lamps. Mr. Fiske is the author of a work recently published by Van Nostrand, entitled "Electricity in Theory and Practice, or The Ele-

ments of Electrical Engineering." The volume is designed to cover the difficult ground that lies between theory and practice, and its pages embody, in what is, perhaps, the most accessible form at present attainable, the latest deductions of the best investigators. (\$2.00; D. Van Nostrand & Co., N. Y.)

In the four stories of varying length included under the title of "Some Other Folks," Miss McLean has struck a stronger key than in her previous work. She is still rollicking and audacious, as in the scene with the passengers of a railway car in which "Santa Maria" finds herself for a season, but she is something more. That Miss Phelps is often suggested does not harm the work, for it is Miss Phelps in her highest and least hysterical mood—searching, tender, pathetic, and strong. If "Santa Maria," the first story, is a little melodramatic, there is no such fault to be found with "A Career," which holds the record of two lives, drawn with delicate yet most powerful touches, and full of a spiritual quality which in itself would set the work above and apart from the novel of the day. The "Young Man With a Career Before Him," finds that career at last, not in the life of work and well-earned distinction prophesied for him by admiring college friends and professors, but in a passing over to the country where work still goes on in better fashion than limitations here allow, and the seed he has sown bears fruit in the life of the friend to whom life at first seems impossible without him. "Sam Sperry's Pension" holds something of the same quality, and the little book is so marked an advance on previous work that we may hope for even better to come. (16mo, pp. 287, \$1.25; Cupples, Upham & Co.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FLOWERS AND THEIR PEDIGREES. By Grant Allen. 12mo, pp. 266, \$1.50; D. Appleton & Co.

CURIOS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Baring Gould, M. A. 18mo, pp. 272, 30 cents; John B. Alden.

HER WASHINGTON SEASON. By Jeanie Gould Lincoln. 12mo, pp. 207, \$1.50; James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE BOWSHAM PUZZLE. A Novel. By John Habberton. Standard Library. 12mo, pp. 222, \$1.00; Funk & Wagnalls.

CALLED BACK. By Hugh Conway. Leisure Hour Series, No. 156, 16mo, pp. 254, \$1.00; Henry Holt & Co., New York.

CHRISTUS, Advent, The Crucifixion, The Resurrection, The Ascension. By H. S. C. Easter card, 75 cents; A. D. F. Randolph.

AS AT THIS HOUR. A Holy Week and Easter Musing. By Mary Leland McLanathan. Easter card, 75 cents; A. D. F. Randolph.

HOUSE DRAINAGE AS CONSTRUCTED BY THE DUNHAM HOUSE DRAINAGE CO. OF NEW YORK. By William Paul Gerhard, paper, pp. 44.

ANCIENT EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS. By John Kenrick, M. A. Two volumes in one, cloth 12mo, pp. 375, \$1.00; John B. Alden, New York.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. By Oliver Goldsmith. With a Preface and Notes, by Austin Dobson. Parchment Library. 18mo, pp. 303, \$1.25; D. Appleton & Co.

HAND-BOOK OF TREE PLANTING; OR, WHY TO PLANT, WHERE TO PLANT, WHAT TO PLANT, HOW TO PLANT. By Nathaniel H. Eggleston, 12mo, pp. 126, 75 cents; D. Appleton & Co.

DARWINISM, Stated by Darwin Himself. Characteristic Passages from the Writings of Charles Darwin. Selected and Arranged by Martha Sheppard. 12mo, pp. 351, \$1.50; D. Appleton & Co.

PULPIT AND GRAVE. A Volume of Funeral Sermons and Addresses. From Leading Pulpits of America, England, Germany and France. Containing Ninety Sermons, etc. 8vo, pp. 365, \$1.50; Funk & Wagnalls.

THIRTY THOUSAND THOUGHTS. Being Extracts Covering a Comprehensive Circle of Religious and Allied Topics. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. Spence, Rev. Joseph S. Exell, Rev. Charles Neill. With Introduction by the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D. D. 8vo, pp. 539, \$2.50; Funk & Wagnalls.

MANUAL OF REVIVALS. Practical Hints and Suggestions, From Histories of Revivals and Biographies of Revivalists. With Themes for the Use of Pastors and Missionaries, Before, During and After Special Services. Including the Texts, Subjects and Outlines of the Sermons of Many Distinguished Evangelists. By Rev. G. W. Hervey. 12mo, pp. 332, \$1.25; Funk & Wagnalls.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A Presidential Probability.

(From *Puck*.)

Robert T.

Lincoln, he

Ain't the *wust* man for the Presidensee.

The northern lights that fill the sky

With wild conflagration

Ain't with the sun a quarter high,

For plain illumination.

It ain't the safe all gilt 'n' paint

Thet doot the surest keepin';

The old bass bull-frogs sometimes ain't

The slickest frogs at leasin'.

The's some folks think a man's no use

Till he's et up 'th wrinkles;

An' Life's heat time to interdooce

Her humlier moral crinkles.

Who hankers arter age *ez* age—

Except in stuff fer drinkin'?

Wut's valied in the ancient sage

Ain't bein' too old fer thinkin'.

The's older folks thet makes more noise—

But don't you make your bet thar—

Plain folks looks friendly-like on boys

Thet work, keep shut, 'n' get thar.

An' here's a boy, jes' qualified;

He's young, I can't git round it—

His stock ain't new, though : *thet*'s been tried—

An' good 'n' squar' we found it !

AN amusing episode recently occurred in Judge Barnum's courtroom during the hearing of an ejection case, says the *Chicago Times*. A little boy of eight years was presented by one side as a witness, and the opposing counsel objected.

"Do you know what an oath is?" asked the Court.

"Yes, sir," answered Charley. "It is to ask God to help you tell the truth."

"Where did you learn all this?" frowned the opposing counsel.

"In the catechism," said Charley, not to be frowned down or sat upon by the biggest lawyer in the business.

"In the catechism? What catechism?"

"In the ten cent catechism, sir."

"Who told you to look in the catechism?"

"My sister. She told me last night, and I got it and studied it."

"Have you got your catechism with you?"

"Yes, sir. Here it is," and the well-thumbed little pamphlet was forthwith produced from the depths of that mysterious receptacle for all odds and ends, the trouser-pocket.

"You see the boy has his documents," interposed the court with a smile, and a quiet titter went around the courtroom as it became evident that the legal luminary was being "downed" by the child.

"H'm! Let me see the book. I wonder if you know anything more that's in it. Who made you?"

"Why, God, o' course," was the reply, as if the lad pooh-poohed the idea of being asked such a simple question, and wanted "somethin' hard."

Several questions were asked, and elicited ready replies. The lawyer, though loath to "acknowledge the corn," saw that he was in for it, and accepted defeat as gracefully as possible. Turning to the Court he said :

"Your honor, I think we will accept this witness, and as for this little book, I would submit it to my learned friend, the counsel for the other side, and recommend its careful perusal by him... It will do him good."

